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THE GRAY WHALE  
WARSHIP



# SUBMARINE CHUMS SERIES

BY SHERWOOD DOWLING

The Cruise of the Gray Whale

The Gray Whale—Warship

The Gray Whale—Flagship

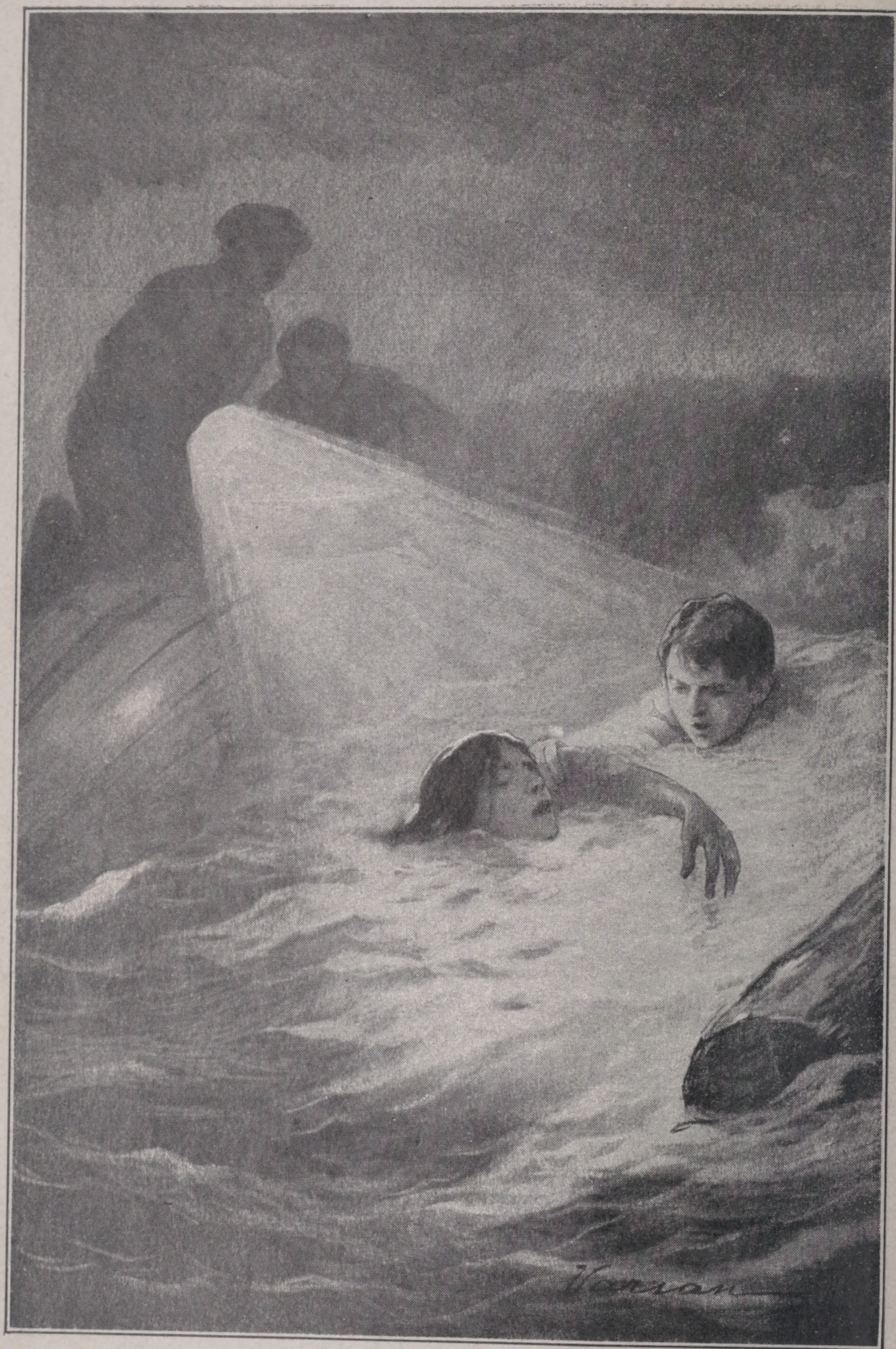
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“She slipped from her hold as he got to her.”

[Page 185]



SUBMARINE CHUMS

# THE GRAY WHALE WARSHIP

BY

SHERWOOD DOWLING

AUTHOR OF "THE CRUISE OF THE GRAY WHALE"



FRONTISPIECE

NEW YORK AND LONDON  
D. APPLETON AND COMPANY

1914



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# THE GRAY WHALE— WARSHIP

## CHAPTER I

### THREATS OF WAR

**M**R. HINKELSTEDT, the old boat builder of Little Giant Creek, stood on the float of his boathouse and surveyed three anxious boys.

“You see what I have done?” he asked.

“Yes, sir,” answered Bob Drake, the leader of the group.

“I have made fast a rope to the *Gray Whale*. You saw that, Harry?”

“Yes, sir,” answered Harry King.

“The other end of the rope is here on the float. You pull on that rope, and up from the water comes your submarine boat. You understand that, Perry?”



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"Yes, sir," Edward Perry answered impatiently. Why couldn't Mr. Hinkelstedt hurry and get their boat out?

"Always I like to have peoples understand," the boat builder explained. "I am a careful man. Now I go by the end of the float to watch, and when I say 'Pull' you pulls, and when I say 'Stop' you stops. Everybody understands?"

Three heads nodded.

"But how are we going to get the *Gray Whale* up with that crowd out there?" Bob Drake demanded.

Five flat-bottomed punts were squirming about on Little Giant Creek. They almost surrounded the strange-looking craft to which Mr. Hinkelstedt had fastened the rope. One of the punts, sculled by a red-haired, freckle-faced lad of fifteen, edged so close that it scraped the side.

"You go 'way from there, you Danny Dugan," shouted the old boat builder.



## THREATS OF WAR

The punt drifted off. Mr. Hinkelstedt went down to the end of his float.

"Get back!" he roared. "How can I get a submarine boat out when you row over her deck?"

The other four punts retreated.

"Now just you stay there," the exasperated builder ordered.

He stared over at where the *Gray Whale* bobbed with the tide. Her nose was pointed upstream, but she would swing around as she came in. To make sure, though, he took a long oar and prepared to guide her.

"Pull!" he shouted.

The three boys drew in the rope hand over hand. The bow of the *Gray Whale* appeared above the float edge.

"Stop!" cried Mr. Hinkelstedt.

The punts had crept too close again. The boat builder slapped his oar into the water and drove them back.

"What's the matter with you, Danny Du-



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gan?" he raged. "Next thing I know you will be inside her pulling out her machinery."

Danny Dugan grinned. "All right, Mr. Hinkelstedt. I'll keep away. Start her going."

Danny kept his promise, but it was hard work. As soon as the *Gray Whale* was on the float, the old man jammed blocks of wood under her. When he finished she was securely braced.

"There she is," he said proudly. "Not even some paint scraped off. I am a careful man."

Danny Dugan's boat ran alongside the float, and that young man promptly scrambled aboard. Other boats came in, and other boys joined Danny. So ten or twelve of them were lined up a few inches from the submarine.

Never had they seen anything like her. Built like a rough, botched cigar, she was sixteen feet long, eight feet deep and three feet wide. Danny found the holes through



## THREATS OF WAR

which the water entered her tank and sank her. He marveled at the ventilator pipes, and he soon discovered the forward and aft lookouts. He kept murmuring that she was a beauty, and he kept drawing closer and closer to her side.

Harry King watched him apprehensively. "Don't go monkeying with her, Danny!"

"Huh!" grunted Danny. "Think I never saw a boat before?"

"Not that kind," said Harry proudly.

The other boys from the punts followed Danny. He found the propeller and the rudder.

"Look at that, will you?" he demanded.

They looked with eyes as big as tea plates. Then a chorus of questions broke out.

"How does she go, Danny?"

"How is she steered?"

"How do they turn that propeller?"

"I don't know—yet," said Danny. Plainly he was the leader of these village lads, and



## GRAY WHALE—WARSHIP

plainly he intended to know all that he could about the *Gray Whale*.

Bob and Perry and Mr. Hinkelstedt were eagerly inspecting the seams of the craft. They paid no attention to the visitors. But Harry's eyes never once left Danny. He was afraid that that young man might at any moment do something that would hurt that precious submarine.

There was a time not so long ago, Harry thought bitterly, when not a soul in the village knew that they owned a submarine that would really sink under water. He and Bob and Perry had discovered the boat at Shelter Cove, where Adrian Mansfield, her eccentric inventor, had built her. But Mr. Mansfield had disappeared and had left a note telling them that the *Gray Whale* was theirs. For weeks they had cruised in her and had kept their secret. Then they had been caught under water at Whirligig Point, and had had a terrifying time. Later they had been



## THREATS OF WAR

forced to tell their parents about the *Gray Whale*. They had won parental consent to keep the boat, but before they could go out in her again Mr. Hinkelstedt was to make her absolutely safe. That was why the *Gray Whale* was now on the boat builder's float surrounded by Danny Dugan and his friends.

Danny was not a stranger to boats or to Little Giant Creek. His father made a business of hiring out boats at a point below the railroad bridge near where the Creek entered Big Giant River. Danny could pull the strongest oar on the Creek. No boy could dive deeper or stay under water longer than he. But the submarine was something new to him. He had doubted, when the news first ran through the village. This morning he had come up the Creek with his companions. They had been prepared to make merry at the expense of Bob Drake and Harry King and Edward Perry. Instead, the sight of the



## GRAY WHALE—WARSHIP

*Gray Whale* had filled them with awe. True, they had only seen her on the surface, but they did not doubt that she could do all that an excited village claimed for her.

Danny wasn't the sort of boy to watch and wonder idly. He generally wanted to know how the wheels went around. Nor was he a boy who could be stared down. He paid no attention to Harry King's growls and grumbles.

He grabbed the propeller. He pushed it back and forth. It moved without a creak or a groan.

"Careful there, you Danny Dugan," warned Mr. Hinkelstedt.

"He'll break something," Harry called anxiously.

Danny stuck his tongue in his cheek. "Ssh!" he said. "I could build one of these in a week if I wanted to."

Evidently his friends believed him, for they looked at Danny and laughed. They, too,



## THREATS OF WAR

laid hands on the rudder. But at that Danny assumed a different attitude.

"Let her alone, fellows," he ordered. "I'm inspecting this job."

They backed away. Danny caught the propeller and tried to turn it.

"Drop that!" Harry yelled. His voice aroused Mr. Hinkelstedt. The old boat builder came to the stern and shook a stiff finger at the inquisitive boy.

"You make no more nonsense, Danny Dugan," he warned, "or you go in your boat and away with you."

"Yes, sir," said Danny.

But when Mr. Hinkelstedt had gone around to the other side with Dave and Perry, the boy flashed a glance of anger at Harry.

"You let up on your orders," he threatened. "Just because you have this two by twice submarine you think you're a mighty important fellow. Your head's getting too big."



## GRAY WHALE—WARSHIP

"That's right," murmured the others.

"Keep away from her," Harry insisted stubbornly. "If you break something, who's going to pay for it?"

"I haven't broke anything yet, have I?" Danny demanded.

The trap at the top of the boat was raised, and Danny longed to get inside and see what was there. But Harry was watching him intently. Harry would never permit him to drop through the trap. Of that he was certain.

He went around to where Mr. Hinkelstedt stood with Bob and Perry.

"Hello, Bob," he said. "Can I look at the inside?"

Bob scratched his head and glanced at Mr. Hinkelstedt. The old boat builder frowned.

"You are always up to somethings, Danny," he said suspiciously.

"I won't hurt her," the boy said eagerly.



## THREATS OF WAR

"All right," Bob nodded. "Careful now, Danny."

"Sure!" said the boy.

He found a ladder and carried it around the side, and leaned it against the *Gray Whale*.

"What's up?" Harry demanded. "Where are you going?"

Danny grinned. "I'm going down to the engine room."

Harry made a rush for the ladder. "Come out of that. You'll begin to monkey——"

"Scat!" cried Danny. "Bob and Mr. Hinkelstedt said I could look at her."

Harry raised his voice. "O Bob! Did you say Dugan could go inside?"

"For a little while," Bob answered.

Danny laughed. His friends jeered. They had been sadly put out by the sight of the submarine. Up to to-day Danny Dugan, their leader, had been the boss of Little Giant Creek. But this strange craft promised to



## GRAY WHALE—WARSHIP

make them all play second fiddle. They didn't like the idea.

"Make notes, Danny," called a voice, "and we'll build one ourselves."

"That's us," said Danny.

He dropped into the hold. Five minutes later his voice boomed:

"What's this bar for, Bob—the one in the center?"

"When you pull that," Bob answered, "she floods and sinks. The water enters through those holes in the side."

"And what's this thing with the pump handles for?"

"That's how you pump the water out when you want to come to the surface."

"Right-o!" called Danny.

Bob turned to Mr. Hinkelstedt. "Think he understands how she works when I have told him so little?"

"Ach, yes!" was the answer. "Danny he has been around boats since he was a little boy."



## THREATS OF WAR

A few minutes later Danny's voice let loose another question:

"What's this bicycle arrangement, Bob? That how you drive your propeller?"

"That's the way," Bob answered.

Harry King stood at the foot of the ladder and chafed. He thought it bad policy to have a fellow like Dugan becoming so familiar with the boat. Suppose Dugan got so he could run it? Suppose Dugan came aboard for a joke some night when the boat wasn't guarded and ran off with her? Suppose he wrecked her?

The longer Danny stayed in the hold the more restless Harry became. Why in thunder had they made that mess of things at Whirligig Point? Only for that the boat would still be safe and sound at Shelter Cove and nobody would be the wiser. As it was, every boy in town knew of their craft and they would be besieged with fellows who wanted a sail in her. Half their sport was ended.



## GRAY WHALE—WARSHIP

He began to wonder what Danny Dugan was doing that he was quiet so long. Suddenly he heard a metallic sound. Was Danny fooling with the machinery?

Up the ladder went Harry. He poked his head above the hold. He saw Danny, a pocket monkey wrench in his hands, tinkering with the bicycle frame from which a fellow operated the pedals that in turn moved the propeller.

"Come up out of there," Harry cried. "O Bob! This fellow's taking things apart."

"I'm only examining this," Danny cried indignantly.

Bob Drake, hurrying around from the other side of the boat, climbed up the ladder and stood alongside Harry.

"Put that stuff back, Danny," he ordered calmly.

Danny obeyed.

"Now come out," Bob ordered.

Danny swung himself down to the float.



## THREATS OF WAR

"Did I not say no nonsense?" Mr. Hinkelstedt raged. "I am responsible for the *Gray Whale* while she is here. I am a careful man. You come here and make trouble for me. Go away with you. All of you go away."

"I only wanted to see——"

"You had no right to tinker with that machinery," Harry cried. "It's not your boat."

"Oh, you give me a pain," Danny answered angrily.

His face had flushed. He climbed into his punt, and his friends embarked in theirs. They pulled away from the float.

"She's an old cheese-box," Danny called. "I could build a better one myself."

The fleet of punts moved off to midstream. Suddenly Danny Dugan broke away from his friends and rowed back to the float.

"I *will* build one," he threatened. "And when I get it finished you fellows want to find a hole and hide. I'll drive you from the Creek."



## GRAY WHALE—WARSHIP

"Yah!" yelled Harry. "Tell it to Sweeney."

Nevertheless the three boys felt far from comfortable. Danny Dugan was the sort of boy who made good his boasts. They watched his punt join the other boats. All five turned downstream. Oars flashed in the sunlight. After a while the punts passed under the railroad bridge and disappeared.



## CHAPTER II

### THE ENEMY SHOWS ITS TEETH

**B**OB DRAKE, as the punts disappeared, turned toward the *Gray Whale*. He hurriedly climbed the ladder, and dropped nimbly into the hold.

"All right," he called after a moment. "He didn't hurt her."

"Of course not," said Mr. Hinkelstedt. "Danny Dugan would not on purpose break somethings. But he should not monkey so much."

"Think he'll try to build a submarine?" Bob asked uneasily.

"Nobody can ever tell what Danny Dugan will do," the boat builder answered.



## GRAY WHALE—WARSHIP

"Oh, let him build," Harry cried bravely. "What do we care?"

But it seemed that Perry cared a whole lot. He pointed out that Danny had been no more eager to inspect the *Gray Whale* than they had been when first they saw her.

"All right," Harry answered indignantly. "But we didn't go around with monkey wrenches prodding at her, did we?"

"Mr. Mansfield wouldn't have let us," Perry answered.

"And we wouldn't let Danny," Harry retorted. "There you are. If he wants to build a submarine, let him go ahead."

Bob, during this argument, stared moodily at the water. After a few minutes he turned to Mr. Hinkelstedt.

"If Danny intends to build," he said, "the big thing for us to do is to improve the *Gray Whale*. Isn't that right, Mr. Hinkelstedt?"

"In time of peace," said the boat builder wisely, "get ready for the battles."



## THE ENEMY SHOWS ITS TEETH

Bob nodded. "All right. Let's see what we can do with our boat."

They spent an hour examining the hull. The wood was sound. Mr. Hinkelstedt prodded at her seams.

"She wants better caulking," he said. "I make a good job on that. Then she wants paint—lots of paint. Dirty gray paint. Then she cannot be seen much under water."

"We did paint her gray," Harry said timidly.

"Ach!" said Mr. Hinkelstedt. "You dipped a brush into a paint pots. That is not painting. I will make a real job of it for you."

They came to the inside of the boat. Here the height was so meager that Mr. Hinkelstedt had to kneel. He growled and grumbled at this, but was plainly interested. He ordered Harry to mount the bicycle and turn the propeller. He climbed outside to watch the action. In a few minutes he came back.

"That will not do," he said.



## GRAY WHALE—WARSHIP

"You mean the bicycle frame?" Bob asked.

"Ach, yes! She is too slow. Where would you be in battles with that Danny Dugan? We must put an engine in here."

Harry gave a yell. "A real engine, Mr. Hinkelstedt?"

"We will use dry batteries for power," the boat builder explained. "A very small motor will take up not much room. The propeller will turn around faster then. Ach! We will make her a real boat, not a jokes."

"She is not a joke," Harry cried hotly.

But Mr. Hinkelstedt laughed and winked at Bob. "Always looking for a fight," he said with a nod toward Harry. "Wait until that Danny Dugan gets after him."

"I'm not afraid of all the Dugans on the Creek," said Harry.

Now that the question of power had been disposed of, they began to think about ventilation. This was a vital question, for the fathers of the three boys had decreed that the



## THE ENEMY SHOWS ITS TEETH

*Gray Whale* could be used only if they found some way to make sure that they would always have as much air as they needed. When they had been caught under water at Whirligig Point, they would have been suffocated had not Bob tilted the boat so that one of the ventilator horns stood out of water. Nothing like that must happen again.

The *Gray Whale* had been built so that she could be submerged to a depth of two feet. At that depth her ventilators were just above the surface. But suppose they were caught so that they would be four or five feet under water? What then?

"Can't we make the ventilator pipes in sections?" Bob asked.

Mr. Hinkelstedt pursed his lips. "What do you mean, Bob?" he asked.

"Here," cried Bob; "let me show you. Take this ventilator horn forward. She's built into the boat. She cannot be moved. But suppose we had a piece of pipe built into



## GRAY WHALE—WARSHIP

the *Gray Whale*—just a small piece. This bit of pipe could have threads on the inside.”

Mr. Hinkelstedt nodded. “Don’t stop,” he said. “Go on. Make no delays, Bob.”

“Now, suppose we have the ventilator top attached to a piece of pipe that fits into the piece built into the boat. This second piece of pipe has threads, too. We screw it up through the built-in pipe. Say it brings the ventilator horn two feet above the deck.”

“But she’s three feet up now,” Harry insisted.

“Silence!” cried Mr. Hinkelstedt fiercely. “How can I think when you are all the time interrupting?”

Harry retired in confusion.

“All right,” Bob continued, “we’ll say that this brings the horn two feet above water. But suppose we want her to be four feet above. What do we do? We take another piece of pipe and join it to the first piece. Then we screw the second piece up until the



## THE ENEMY SHOWS ITS TEETH

ventilator horn is four feet above the surface."

"Wow!" cried Harry. "I see it now."

Evidently Mr. Hinkelstedt saw it, too, for his face broke into a tangle of smiling wrinkles.

"Very good," he said heartily. "That is a practical idea. The boat can carry an assortment of pipes, ends all threaded. They can be used in any emergency."

"That's what I mean," Bob cried eagerly. "Will that be all right, Mr. Hinkelstedt?"

"It could not be better," said the old builder gravely, "if I thought of it myself."

"Hold on," cried Perry. "There's something else, Bob."

"Shoot!" said Harry. "What is it? This is the place to have all problems solved. Bob's the official solver."

"We must have a steel cap to screw over the end of the pipe that's inside the boat. Remember how we kept the water out of the



## GRAY WHALE—WARSHIP

*Gray Whale* at Whirligig Point by making a mixture of candle wax and threads and jamming the mixture into the ventilator pipes? We don't want any more of that. Let Mr. Hinkelstedt make caps for each pipe. Then, if we ever got caught that way again, we could screw on the caps and keep out the water."

Bob nodded. "We'll need caps, Mr. Hinkelstedt."

The old builder spread his hands. "Anything you say, boys. I put in anything you say."

They decided that the lever by which they flooded the tank could not be improved on. Mr. Hinkelstedt, after much thought, told them that the pumps would continue to be worked by hand.

"We will have only dry batteries," he said, "and their power is not so much. It will not hurt you boys to do a little pumpings."

"Not a bit of it," Harry agreed heartily.



## THE ENEMY SHOWS ITS TEETH

Wasn't he the engineer? Wouldn't he be the one to have charge of the batteries and the motor? What did he care about the pumps? Anyway, Perry was the one who had to look out for them. Perry would do the pumping.

Toward noon the boys let themselves into their own flat-bottoms at the other side of the float. They rowed across Little Giant Creek to where the marsh grass grew thick and tall and high. They tied their boats to three posts hid amid the grass. A moment later they were walking along a narrow cinder path that squeezed its way out to the road that ran parallel with the Creek.

The three boys found the village stirring with excitement. Every boy they met knew that Danny Dugan was to build a submarine and that it was to be a better boat than the *Gray Whale*. But Danny's threat did not stop the fellows from following at Bob Drake's heels, for whereas Danny *might* build a submarine, Bob already had one.



## GRAY WHALE—WARSHIP

Charlie Carter, the village butcher's son, offered to let Bob ride his father's horse to the blacksmith shop. Bob declined the honor. He knew that if he rode the horse, Charlie would in return want a sail in the *Gray Whale*. Several days before the chums had decided that the only way to keep out of trouble was to turn a deaf ear to all requests for rides. Any fellow was welcome to go to Mr. Hinkelstedt's float and take a look, but that was all.

On Main Street they met Clara Dugan, Danny's sister. She was several years older than Danny, and her tastes ran to canoes. Twice she had won prizes at the regattas of the Little Giant Boat Club. She was a rugged, healthy girl who loved the open air, and she took an amused interest in the adventures of her impetuous brother.

"What have you boys been doing to Danny?" she greeted.



## THE ENEMY SHOWS ITS TEETH

"You just ask Danny what he did to our boat," Harry defended.

Miss Dugan laughed. "What mischief has he been up to now?"

"Oh, he didn't hurt the boat," Bob explained. "He wanted to see how the propeller worked. Harry was afraid he might do some damage."

The girl nodded. "He's pretty angry about something. He says he's going to build a submarine of his own, and that there's going to be war."

"Do you really think he'll build a boat?" Perry asked nervously.

Miss Dugan shook her head. "You can never tell what Danny will do."

That was what troubled the chums. You could never tell what to expect from Danny Dugan. If he was in earnest, the chances were he'd try to fashion a craft that would voyage under water. Harry had a sneaking feeling that it might have been better had he



## GRAY WHALE—WARSHIP

not paid so much attention to this red-haired Creek boy.

They went back to the float in the afternoon and watched Mr. Hinkelstedt caulk the seams. Village boys rowed across the Creek and inspected the boat, and said they'd like to make a trip in her, and looked long and hard at Bob. But Bob extended no invitations, and the fellows went off vowing that it would serve him right if Danny Dugan did drive him from the Creek.

The chums watched the sunlight dance on the waters; they turned lazy eyes downstream whenever a railroad train rumbled over the bridge. Perry found a fishing line in Mr. Hinkelstedt's boathouse and tried his luck. Killies stole his bait, and he put the line away. Along about five o'clock they went overboard for a swim. By the time they started home for supper the old boat builder had one-third of the seams fixed to his liking.



## THE ENEMY SHOWS ITS TEETH

"She will be a fine boat when I got through with her," he informed them.

For a week or so they went daily to Mr. Hinkelstedt's float. He finished the caulking, and then applied the paint. He put on three coats, and Harry admitted then that she was a different looking boat. The builder installed a small motor and rigged the dry batteries. Then, one dark, gray, drizzling day, he turned the current into the motor, and the propeller began to race.

The boys, watching, forgot the grayness and the drizzle. Harry danced about impatiently.

"Show me how to run it, Mr. Hinkelstedt," he pleaded. "I'm the engineer."

"Show us all how to run it," Perry cried indignantly. "Suppose you get sick or something. We'll be in a fine fix, won't we, if you're the only one who knows how to make her go."

"Catch me getting sick," Harry scoff-



## GRAY WHALE—WARSHIP

ed, "with an engine like that to take care of."

Nevertheless, Perry had his way. Mr. Hinkelstedt showed them all how to make the propeller do its work. He showed them, too, how to throw in the reverse so that the *Gray Whale* could move astern. Later Perry tried to operate the machinery, and Harry ordered him away.

"I'm the engineer of this boat," Harry said proudly, "and when I'm on board nobody monkeys with her engines but me."

"Huh!" grunted Perry. "You'll want a uniform next."

"That wouldn't be a bad idea," Harry said thoughtfully.

Mr. Hinkelstedt was a methodical man, and he brought system to the *Gray Whale*. He screwed two little brass holders into the woodwork, and each holder held one box of safety matches. He bought a box of short, thick, fat candles for use in the candle lamps,



## THE ENEMY SHOWS ITS TEETH

and he built a place to store the surplus stock. Lastly, he put a neat rack on either side of the boat.

"What's that for?" Bob asked.

"That is for your dry batteries," the boat builder explained. "Suppose your batteries go exhausted? What then do you do? You must have other batteries. So I build a place that will hold twelve, and they will not be in the ways. There you are."

Bob glanced about the shipshape hold. Now that the bicycle apparatus was out, she seemed twice as big.

"Say," he said, "we're going to have some fun in this craft this summer."

"How about Danny Dugan and his talk of a submarine?" Perry asked anxiously.

"Piffle!" said Harry airily. "I've been thinking about this Dugan. He's all wind. How is *he* going to build a submarine? What does *he* know about submarines, eh? You watch—he'll do nothing."



## GRAY WHALE—WARSHIP

Bob nodded. "I guess Harry's right. I don't see how he can build anything like the *Gray Whale*."

In fact, Bob had made two secret excursions, in his flat-bottom, to the Dugan place near the beginning of Big Giant River. On neither occasion had he noticed any evidences of building. Once Clara Dugan had seen him and had waved him a friendly greeting. Why couldn't Danny be like his sister? Then there wouldn't be any talk of trouble.

Two days later the *Gray Whale* was put into the water. Into her hold piled her merry crew. Everything was so new—the machinery, the larger space, the ventilators—that they had no desire to go under water. Bob decided that this should be a sort of get-acquainted trip. They would see how she worked with all these improvements, and the better to observe, they would stay on the surface.

The way the *Gray Whale* behaved brought



## THE ENEMY SHOWS ITS TEETH

a wide grin to all their faces. The propeller kicked her through the water at a speed twice as great as they had been able to attain before. The water, showing a trace of white foam, curled back along her curving sides. The Creek breezes blew spicily into their faces.

"This is living," said Harry.

They thought so, too. They took her up the Creek as far as Shelter Cove. They did not go inside. They turned her and brought her downstream.

"Let's go right to the place where Big Giant River begins," Harry cried. "Let's show Dugan what we look like."

"Let's," cried Perry eagerly.

So Bob, at the wheel, took the center of the Creek and let her go. A sense of daring held them all to-day. At the moment they didn't give a fig for Danny Dugan and for all his threats. Besides, hadn't they decided that Danny could not build a submarine?



## GRAY WHALE—WARSHIP

Down they went—down past the mooring place at the end of the cinder path; past Mr. Hinkelstedt's float, under the boatway of the railroad bridge, and so on past the Dugan place. They did not see Danny, and in that they were disappointed, for if they didn't see Danny, plainly Danny would not see them.

At the point where the Creek broadened out to meet the river they swung the *Gray Whale* around. The boat, meeting a cross tide, bobbed and rolled, and for a moment fell off.

"Look!" cried Harry suddenly.

Perry followed Harry's pointing finger. He saw a clearing far in the rear of the Dugan house. A frame was there—a frame built of wood and shaped like a crude cigar.

"What is it?" Perry gasped.

But he knew what it was, and Harry did, too. The *Gray Whale*, answering the kick of her propeller, gathered headway. The clearing disappeared from sight.



## THE ENEMY SHOWS ITS TEETH

Bob, at the wheel, had not had a chance to look. "What was it?" he asked.

"The frame of a submarine," Perry told him excitedly. "Danny is building. I saw it. Harry saw it, too. Didn't you, Harry?"

Harry nodded soberly.

"I guess Danny means what he said," Bob grunted slowly. "It's up to us now to see that he doesn't drive us from the Creek."



## CHAPTER III

### SHOWING DANNY

THE prospect of having their beloved *Gray Whale* turned from a pleasure craft into a boat that needed tense, steady watching, threw a blanket of silence over the three boys. They had planned a fine summer on Little Giant Creek. Instead, there would be another submarine, and the other boat would mean them harm. After the money their fathers had spent in making the *Gray Whale* safe, it did not seem right to have their hopes and dreams ruined.

Harry King scowled at the water. Perry, a worried look in his eyes, grumbled under his breath. Bob was at the lookout alongside



## SHOWING DANNY

the wheel and they could not see his face, but the set of his shoulders and the way he tossed his head from time to time showed them that he was not pleased.

The boat veered in toward Mr. Hinkelstedt's float.

"Don't anchor," Harry called. "Keep on up the Creek."

Bob looked back. "Why?"

"We might as well think it over out here, as think it over in there."

Bob turned the wheel. The boat lurched away in answer to her rudder. Soon her nose was pointed straight away.

Harry was the sort of chap who saw no logic in nursing the blues. He could generally get a laugh out of whatever happened. Slowly, as the boat continued up the Creek, the scowl left his face. By the time they were opposite Shelter Cove a grin had settled around his mouth.

"Oh, I don't know as this is so bad," he



## GRAY WHALE—WARSHIP

said. "We ought to get a lot of fun out of this."

"Out of what?" asked Bob. "Out of having somebody planning to do damage to the *Gray Whale*?"

"Drop the wheel," Harry invited. "Come out here in the open and cool your head. What do you think Danny's going to do? Mount a cannon on his boat and blow us out of the water? He can't sink us or anything like that. He'd be arrested."

"But he says he'll drive us from the Creek," Bob insisted.

"Oh, I guess he means he'll make things so unpleasant for us that we'll quit. Well, two can play at that game. Suppose we make it mighty hot for him?"

"How?" Perry asked eagerly.

"Oh, lots of ways," Harry answered vaguely. "How is he going to stir things up for us? He must have some sort of plan. Well, we will get one. He isn't the only fel-



## SHOWING DANNY

low on the Creek who can think out a plan, is he?"

Perry began to feel encouraged. Even Bob threw back his shoulders a bit more.

"Why," Harry went on with growing enthusiasm, "look at the sport we'll have. She won't just be the *Gray Whale*. She'll be a warship. Think of that! We'll have drills, and we'll stand watch, and—and— Oh, lots of things. We'll have a flag, too. Turn her around, Bob. We'll have Mr. Hinkelstedt put a flag staff on her. We'll fly a battle flag."

"What's that?" Perry asked.

Harry confessed that he didn't know, but that he'd find out. The main thing was, though, to have a flag. And when the *Gray Whale* ran alongside the float, he was the first one to clatter toward the boathouse where Mr. Hinkelstedt made many of the parts that he used in his boat repairing.

The old builder blinked at them as they told of seeing the frame of a submarine.



## GRAY WHALE—WARSHIP

"Ach! That Danny Dugan," he said with a shake of his head. "He is always mixing up with somethings."

"Can we fly a flag, Mr. Hinkelstedt?" Harry demanded.

"What you mean—fly a flag?"

Bob explained. Mr. Hinkelstedt, after some thought, told them that he could put on two small staffs, one forward and one aft. The forward staff would carry the stars and stripes.

"What will the other one be?" Harry demanded.

"That will be your ship flag," was the answer. "We will put a gray whale on a blue fields."

Harry assured Mr. Hinkelstedt that he was a wonder. They left the submarine alongside the float, and rowed off in their flat-bottoms to the cinder path.

"Won't that be fine?" Perry asked. "A ship's flag!"



## SHOWING DANNY

"Oh," said Harry, "I'm the boy who can think of things."

"Sure you are," Bob agreed dryly. "You're the fellow who thought of the things to say to Danny Dugan."

But Harry refused to be driven from his happy-go-lucky frame of mind. He asked them not to forget that if it wasn't for him they would never have had a ship's flag.

"And another thing," he said. "You don't want to forget that when this business is all over we'll organize the Little Giant Veterans just like they have the G. A. R. and the Spanish War Veterans."

"Thunder!" breathed Perry. "You do think of things, don't you, Harry?"

"I certainly do," said Harry.

Next morning, when they assembled at the float, Mr. Hinkelstedt was putting on the flag staffs. The ship's flag would not be ready for a week. Harry suggested that they ought to drill.



## GRAY WHALE—WARSHIP

"What kind of drill?" Bob asked suspiciously.

"Oh, regular war drills. Clear decks for action and all that. Couldn't Mr. Hinkelstedt—" He stopped suddenly and ran off to where the old builder was working. They saw him talk excitedly for a few moments, and then he came back. "It's all right," he said. "Mr. Hinkelstedt will rig up a dry battery bell for us."

"What for?" Perry asked.

"For the drills, of course. We haven't any boatswain to pipe to quarters, have we? Then we'll have the bell. One ring—close the hatch and stand by."

"Stand by what?" Perry asked.

"How do I know?" Harry answered impatiently. "They do it on all the ships. Two rings—sink her. Three rings—pump her up. Four rings—full speed astern. Say, how's that?"

Bob grinned. "Can't you get any more signals, Harry?"



## SHOWING DANNY

"I may later. That's enough for now, isn't it?"

"Plenty," Bob assured him.

They took the *Gray Whale* out after Mr. Hinkelstedt had put a button alongside the wheel and had wired a bell and had connected the battery. Bob touched the button and the bell gave a prolonged clang.

Instantly Harry and Perry dropped the trap and clamped it down.

Bob pressed the button twice.

Perry pulled the lever that flooded the tank. Abruptly the boat settled under water. They heard Bob's voice.

"You forgot something, Harry," the leader chuckled. "We're in darkness—you have no signal for lighting the candles. And how about a signal to start the engine?"

Perry struck a match. The candles were lighted. Harry started the propeller. They could feel the *Gray Whale* making headway.



## GRAY WHALE—WARSHIP

In the old days they had never been conscious that she was moving.

Bob clanged the bell three times. Perry and Harry started to pump.

"Stop your pumping," cried Bob after a few minutes. "Where's your signal for that, Harry?"

"What do you want to stop here for?" Harry demanded. "Don't you want to go up to the surface?"

"No."

"Well, where do you want to go?"

"Up far enough to see clearly. We're going faster with this engine than we ever went before. Suppose we run into something?"

Harry and Perry came away from the pumps. So, with the lookout about ten inches under, they cruised about for several hours. Now that the *Gray Whale* was no longer a secret, they did not avoid other boats. Twice they passed dark shadows that they knew



## SHOWING DANNY

were the sides of flat-bottoms, and on each occasion startled cries came down to their ears through the ventilator pipes.

That evening, after the *Gray Whale* had been tied up at the float, Bob complained to Mr. Hinkelstedt that they ought to have some kind of arrangement on the boat so that they could see better. The old builder told them that with a periscope they could see all over the Creek, even while under water.

"Get us one," Harry cried.

Mr. Hinkelstedt shook his head. "They cost very many dollars," he explained.

Harry grunted. "Well, can't you make one?"

"Could I make the moon or the sun?" the builder demanded wrathfully. "What you think I am, a jack of all trades?"

But next morning Mr. Hinkelstedt was much mollified. He sat on the float and explained that he could build a little house at the forward end of the boat.



## GRAY WHALE—WARSHIP

"The top of the house would be just seven inches under water," he said, "when the *Gray Whale* was down deep."

"That would let you see things dandy, wouldn't it, Bob?" Harry cried.

Bob nodded. However, he showed no enthusiasm. "That house would add to the weight of the boat, Mr. Hinkelstedt?"

"Ach, yes."

"And there would be a bigger surface turned to the water—I mean, instead of her pointed nose cutting through as now, she'd have a big lumbering thing on top, wouldn't she?"

"Yes."

"Wouldn't that slow up her speed?"

"Yes."

"How much?"

The old builder shook his head. "I do not know. I am not an experts on submarines. Maybe much, maybe little."

They took the *Gray Whale* out. To-day



## SHOWING DANNY

they ran her into Shelter Cove. Once inside, they brought her to the surface and lazed in the sun.

"Well," Harry asked, "how about this little cottage up forward for Bob to steer?"

Bob shook his head. "I say no. We've had experience enough not to batter up against things. What we need is speed. How do we know what Danny Dugan's boat will be? We must have speed enough to hold our own with her."

Perry nodded. "That's now I feel, Bob. Suppose Danny had a fast boat. He could run alongside us, and throw out grappling irons, and come aboard and——"

"Help!" Harry roared. "What do you think he is, a pirate?"

"But he said war——"

"Rats!" Harry tossed his cap into the air. "This will probably be a play war."

"We don't know what it will be," said Bob. "We need speed on the *Gray Whale*."



## GRAY WHALE—WARSHIP

So they voted to have nothing to do with an elevated lookout. When they told Mr. Hinkelstedt he spread his hands in resignation.

"She is your boat," he said. "You ask me, and I tell you what I can do."

But, though they rejected the builder's suggestion, they took up the drills seriously. They found that the sunken logs that marked the inlet to Shelter Cove were turning dull, so they hauled them up and gave them more paint. After that, they spent a part of each day in the Cove, and there they had their drills. At any moment Bob might jerk the bell. They got so that as soon as it clanged, they vanished into the hold and closed the trap after them. The *Gray Whale*, according to Harry, became a credit to the Little Giant Creek navy.

Now that they were doing things shipshape, they elected Bob captain. Harry became chief engineer. Perry held the ple-



## SHOWING DANNY

beian place of crew. Twice they went down the Creek and took a peep at Dugan's boat. They could see that she was coming along, but she was too far away for them to get any clear idea of just what she would be like.

The day came when Mr. Hinkelstedt, in a stately speech, presented them with their ship's flag. They ran the stars and stripes up the forward staff, and the gray whale on her field of blue went up aft. After that they cheered the builder, and they cheered the *Gray Whale*, and they even piped a cheer for Danny Dugan. Danny, had he heard it, would probably have been greatly surprised.

They made a brave showing cruising up and down the Creek. Late in the afternoon they came back to the float. They did not tie up. With the boat on the surface and with the hatch up, they let her bob with the tide. Mr. Hinkelstedt, from the float, told them that he was proud of them, and that they looked like a good crew.



## GRAY WHALE—WARSHIP

The creaking of oars in rusty locks brought Bob's eyes around. Fifty feet away he saw Danny Dugan, and Danny was rowing so that he would pass almost alongside.

Danny had given them something to worry about. Here, Bob thought, was the place to stick a pin in Danny. The captain quietly slipped into the hold. He went to the lookout. He watched Danny's boat advance. Danny was glancing over his shoulder at the *Gray Whale*.

Suddenly Bob touched the button. Instantly the gong clanged. Harry and Perry came tumbling into the hold. The trap fell.

Bob, at the lookout glass, almost shouted. Danny Dugan had dropped the oars, and one of them had gone overboard and was drifting away.

For a moment Bob stared gleefully at the boy who had threatened to drive them from the Creek. He knew that when he touched the button again the sound would carry out



## SHOWING DANNY

to the rowboat. He knew, too, that the way Harry and Perry had jumped at the bell sound must have given Danny considerable of a jolt. And he had an idea that when the bell clanged twice, and the *Gray Whale* quietly sank, Danny Dugan would have something to think about for many days.

He touched the button twice. He had a momentary vision of Danny's baffled, startled face. Then the waters closed over the lookout. The propeller began to kick. The *Gray Whale* moved away.

Perry, coming forward to light the candle, grumbled over the number of times they were forced to sink the boat and pump her up.

"What was the idea of this drill, Bob?" Harry asked. "To show Mr. Hinkelstedt?"

"No," Bob answered; "to show Danny Dugan."

Harry jumped. "Was he there?"

"Right alongside," Bob grinned. "I thought you fellows didn't see him."



## GRAY WHALE—WARSHIP

Harry gave a yell of delight. "Did you notice his face, Bob? Not a word spoken. Just a bell, and the whole ship jumps to attention. I bet he won't sleep to-night. I'll bet that jarred him from his head to his heels."

"I think it did," Bob chuckled.

Nor were they mistaken. Twenty minutes later, when they brought the *Gray Whale* alongside the float, Mr. Hinkelstedt insisted on shaking them by the hand.

"That Danny Dugan," he said, "has been bossing this Creek for years. He has been looking for troubles all the time. And to-day he got it; ach, yes, he got it. Why? Because I gives you a ship's flag and you makes a good crew. That is the reason. And that Danny Dugan will have no stomach for his supper to-night."



## CHAPTER IV

### A DECLARATION OF WAR

**T**HAT evening Harry spread through the village the story of how Danny Dugan had bumped into the surprise of his life. The youngsters of the village giggled over the tale. But Charlie Carter, the butcher's son, grumbled that he didn't see anything to laugh at.

"Wait until Danny Dugan gets going," he told Harry.

Harry laughed. "Yah! You're mad because you haven't had a sail in the *Gray Whale*."

"Danny's boat will be better than the *Gray Whale*," Charlie Carter taunted. "I'll sail



## GRAY WHALE—WARSHIP

in that. And you don't know who Danny will have for his crew."

"Who?" Harry demanded.

"Bill Davis and Reddy Farrant. What do you think of that?"

Harry's laugh was a failure. Farrant and Davis were husky boys who moved about in kingly fashion among the other village lads. Yet, if Harry couldn't laugh, he could at least pretend a magnificent courage.

"Huh!" he said. "Who's afraid of them?"

He hunted up Bob before bedtime, and related what he had heard. Later they told Perry. Plainly Perry didn't like the news.

"Isn't there some way we can find out just what sort of boat they will have?" he asked Bob.

"I have a pair of field glasses," Bob answered. "Suppose we try them."

Perry was willing to try anything.

Next day they ran the *Gray Whale* down to where the Creek entered the River. Bob



## A DECLARATION OF WAR

keeping his head down as much as possible, took a long look at the Dugan boat. After a while Perry had a look, and then it was Harry's turn.

"She looks pretty clumsy," Harry grunted. "Oh, let's forget her. She can't amount to much."

That's what they all hoped. Perry, though, insisted that Danny Dugan was quite likely to furnish them with a surprise.

"All right," said Harry. "When it comes we'll try to meet it. Let's enjoy ourselves while we can."

They ran the *Gray Whale* to Shelter Cove. The shack in which Adrian Mansfield, the eccentric inventor, had lived had not seen much of them of late. Now they proceeded to make it look comfortable and cozy again. They repaired a leaky spot in the roof; they oiled the door hinges and tacked wire netting over the small windows. They took out the cooking outfit and scoured it. Rubbish



## GRAY WHALE—WARSHIP

that had collected was burned. A few pansies were planted in a shady spot. They stretched a piece of canvas from one side of the shack and created a place that stayed cool even in the midday sun.

Crabs were now running—big, full-meated Jersey blues. The boys did not neglect their drills, but neither did they neglect the crabs. They used an old-fashioned drop line and scalping net. Perry wanted to use a patented trap that closed up like a satchel when it was hauled from the bottom. Bob and Harry protested.

“A crab hasn’t a look in that way,” Bob explained. “If he’s on the frame when you pull the thing up, he’s caught. With the scalp net he has a chance for his life.”

So, while one remained near the shack and got a fire going and a pot of water boiling, the others crabbed outside Shelter Cove. Daily they had at least one meal of crab meat. They took crabs home, too, and many times



## A DECLARATION OF WAR

they left a dozen or so for Mr. Hinkelstedt.

Meanwhile, the Dugan boat was not forgotten. Every day or so they cruised down the Creek and used their glass on the clearing. They saw her begin to take finished shape. Perry, with a grin, insisted that they were spies, and that if they were caught they could be tried by court-martial and hung from the yardarm. Harry, however, declared that there was no yardarm on the Dugan boat, and that anyway he'd like to see anybody try to hang him.

It was exciting work, this secretly watching the Dugan clearing. Several times they saw Davis and Farrant working on the craft, and once they saw Danny. And then, almost without warning, the shape in the clearing began to look like a real boat.

Bob had a feeling that this strange craft looked more powerful than the *Gray Whale*. Harry whistled and still insisted that she



## GRAY WHALE—WARSHIP

wouldn't amount to anything. Yet, whenever he sneaked the glass over the side and trained it on the clearing, he held it there a long time. At last the propeller went on, and right then and there Harry announced that they had better watch out.

"That propeller's twice as big as ours," he said uneasily.

"Will they use a bicycle frame like we used at first?" Perry wanted to know.

"With a propeller like that?" Bob demanded. "Nix. They'll use electricity or gasoline."

"How can they use gasoline?" Harry asked. "How will they get rid of the fumes if they're under water?"

The problem was too big for Bob. They took the *Gray Whale* back to Shelter Cove, and Harry and Perry went out for crabs. But the sport seemed dull to-day. That business-like propeller had them worried. They soon quit and came back to where Bob should



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have had a fire going and water boiling in the pot. Bob, however, was sitting under the strip of canvas and the fire had not been lighted.

"We must keep an eye on that Dugan boat," he said when he saw them.

For four days they quietly ran the *Gray Whale* down the Creek, and brought their field glass into play. On the fifth day Harry waved the glass recklessly as he talked to Bob. The sun flashed against the lense.

"Look out" cried Bob: "they'll see you."

"They have seen us," cried Perry.

Davis and Farrant were throwing a covering of some kind over the boat frame. Danny Dugan was running toward the house.

"Sink her," Bob called. "We're too low in the water for him to be sure we're here. He's going for a glass."

They dropped the trap and plunged the *Gray Whale* beneath the surface. After the



## GRAY WHALE—WARSHIP

propeller began to work, Harry suddenly laughed.

"We're a fine bunch of sapheads," he said. "Our ventilators are above water and so are our flags. He'll see those and know we were watching."

Nevertheless they kept the boat submerged. Early next morning they ran her back for another look. But the clearing was bare. The Dugan boat was gone.

"That shows that Danny knows we were watching," Harry said.

Perry shivered. This was getting to have a real thrill, this talk of war on Little Giant Creek.

What had happened? Had Dugan's crowd taken their boat to some other hiding place, or was she in shape to launch? If they had launched her, where was she? They patiently searched both banks of the Creek, but found no trace of the submarine. The Dugan boat had disappeared.



## A DECLARATION OF WAR

They tried to think up ways of increasing the speed of the *Gray Whale*. Harry suggested that they should lighten her, but Bob pointed out that if they did that she would sink more than two feet under when her tank was filled. In the end they came to the conclusion that it was best to leave her as she was. Perhaps the Dugan boat would fail utterly once it reached the water.

Meanwhile, they patrolled the Creek each day seeking signs of the enemy. They traveled boldly on the surface now, realizing that the time for skulking was past. Clara Dugan, on more than one occasion, waved to them from the Dugan float. Harry, with the consent of Bob, dipped the *Gray Whale's* flag. But they saw no sign of Danny, nor did they find Danny's boat.

Harry, who could always find something on which to hang a hope, decided that the Dugan boat had been tried and had failed.

"Of course she has failed," he argued to



## GRAY WHALE—WARSHIP

Bob and Perry. "Else why can't we find her? Suppose we made threats and put a boat in the water. Suppose the boat was a fizzle. Wouldn't we keep quiet about it? That's what Danny and his crowd are doing."

"I hope so," muttered Perry.

"Hope so," Harry jeered. "It is so, I tell you. I know what I'm talking about."

"You always do," Bob ventured dryly.

"I do this time, anyway," Harry vowed.

But next morning, when they reached the float, Mr. Hinkelstedt handed them a sealed letter. The address read:

MR. ROBERT DRAKE,  
Capt. *Gray Whale*,  
Hinkelstedt's Float,  
Little Giant Creek.

"Who brought this?" Bob asked.

"Reddy Farrant," Mr. Hinkelstedt answered. "He said he came by orders of that Danny Dugan."



## A DECLARATION OF WAR

"Open it," Harry cried. "Open it, Bob. I'll bet Danny's eating humble pie and asking us to let him be one of our crew."

Bob ripped open the letter. Standing on the float he read aloud:

MR. ROBERT DRAKE,

Dear Sir:

On behalf of the officers and crew of the submarine boat *Little Giant*, I hereby declare war on the submarine boat *Gray Whale*. This war will continue until either the *Gray Whale* or the *Little Giant* is captured. Should you refuse to accept this challenge, we give warning that we will seize the *Gray Whale* any time we can. If you accept this challenge, these shall be the rules of the war:

First: Doing injury to either boat, such as ramming, boring holes under water line, etc., shall not be allowed.

"Say," Perry gasped, "this is going to be a real war, isn't it?"

Harry nodded grimly. "Go on, Bob."

Bob continued:



## GRAY WHALE—WARSHIP

Second: The use of weapons, such as sticks, stones, shall not be permitted. Only bare hands can be used.

Third: A flag of truce must always be respected.

Fourth: Neither side shall hold a prisoner for more than three hours, and prisoners must not be ducked in the Creek.

Fifth: Either side can try to board the other side's boat at any time. If there is a scrap while one side is trying to board the boat of the other side, it will be all right to try to throw each other overboard.

Sixth: Hauling down the flag will be notice of surrender.

Seventh: Boats must be guarded at all times, as night attacks will be permitted.

Eighth: A captured boat becomes the property of the victorious side.

Awaiting your reply, I am,  
Your obedient servant,  
DANIEL DUGAN,  
Capt. *Little Giant*.

"He copied that out of a book," Harry sneered. "He never thought of all those things himself."

Perry wasn't interested in where Danny



## A DECLARATION OF WAR

had found his material. "They want to take our *Gray Whale*," he cried. "See what they say. If they capture the *Gray Whale*, she belongs to them. We won't fight them."

"I guess we must fight," Bob answered slowly. "They say here that if we don't accept this war, they'll capture our boat, anyway. We might as well fight."

"I'll tell my father," Perry cried. "They can't take our boat that way. Tell your father, Harry."

But Harry shook his head. "And have every fellow in the village calling me a 'fraid cat? I guess not. I'm willing to fight them. Aren't you, Bob?"

"It doesn't make any difference whether I'm willing or not," Bob grunted. "I must. Otherwise, they'll take the *Gray Whale* without a struggle."

There was a long silence. They made no attempt to go aboard their boat. Mr. Hinkelstedt came out of his repair shop, fitted new



## GRAY WHALE—WARSHIP

oarlocks into a boat, looked at them curiously, and then pattered back to his shop.

“We must answer this letter,” said Bob at last.

“Tell them we’ll fight,” said Harry.

Bob glanced at the other boy. “How about you, Perry?”

Perry wet his lips. “All—all right,” he stammered. “I’m game if you fellows are, even if they are bigger. And you can tell Danny Dugan for me that the first time he tries to come aboard this boat I’ll knock every freckle off his nose.”

Mr. Hinkelstedt came out of his shop in time to hear the end of Perry’s speech.

“Ach!” he said. “The little worm has turned around.”



## CHAPTER V

### THE LITTLE GIANT

**B**OB climbed into the *Gray Whale*. Harry followed him. After a moment of indecision, Perry, too, went into the boat. They cast off. The signal bell was not given this morning. Harry set the engine going without orders, and they ran to the peace and quiet of Shelter Cove.

They knew that some sort of answer was expected by Danny Dugan. But what should they say? They talked over the problem until noon. Suppose they didn't want to agree to all the rules that Danny had laid down. What then?

"Let's ask Mr. Hinkelstedt," Harry advised.



## GRAY WHALE—WARSHIP

They ran the *Gray Whale* back to the float. Charlie Carter, crabbing at the bend, shouted to them that they ought to see the *Little Giant*. They made no reply. They were in no mood to bandy words this bright day.

The old builder, with a pair of enormous eyeglasses perched on his nose, read the letter through.

"That Danny Dugan is a sharp young mans," he said gravely. "What you do, boys?"

"We'll fight," Harry answered promptly.

Mr. Hinkelstedt nodded approval. "That is right. Sometimes the small dog does bad business by the big dog."

"But look here, Mr. Hinkelstedt." Bob pointed to the list of clauses. "Do we have to agree to all that?"

The builder read them through the second time. "What is there that you do not want?" he asked. "Do you want that it shall be right to duck prisoners in the Creek?"



## THE LITTLE GIANT

"No," Perry answered hastily.

"What then is wrong? About capturing boats? That is the whole war, isn't it? Without captures how could you have a wars?"

"It doesn't seem fair," Harry grumbled.

"The worst part is," Mr. Hinkelstedt went on, "this night attacks. How about that, eh? Will your papas let you stay up all night to watch the *Gray Whale*?"

Harry looked uncomfortable. Here was something he had not taken into account. Suppose they had to leave their boat unguarded? How long would it be before Danny Dugan had her?

"I'm going to tell my dad about this," Bob said.

"But how about an answer?" Perry insisted. "Danny will expect——"

"Danny will have to wait," Bob snapped out.

That night, after supper, he laid the matter before his father. He also showed Dan-



## GRAY WHALE—WARSHIP

ny's letter and told of the incidents on Mr. Hinkelstedt's float that had led up to Danny's declaration of war.

Mr. Drake listened gravely. "So you want to guard the boat every night, is that it?"

"Oh, no, sir," Bob hastened to explain. "I would guard one night, and Bob another night, and Perry another night."

"What have Mr. King and Mr. Perry said?"

"I don't know, sir," the boy confessed.

Mr. Drake reached for the telephone. "You can wait on the porch, Bob," he said.

So Bob sat on the porch. After a while Harry's father and Perry's father arrived, and shortly afterwards Harry and Perry came, too.

"What is it?" they asked Bob.

"I guess it's a meeting to decide whether we can guard the *Gray Whale* at night."

Harry gave a suppressed shout. "Oh, I



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hope they let us. Think of sitting up all night with strange noises and creepy shivers up your back, and all that."

"Think of Danny Dugan's crowd attacking you in the darkness," Perry trembled.

But Perry's fears made no impression on Harry. An hour later Mr. Drake appeared in the doorway.

"Come in, boys," he invited.

They entered the library. They sat down and faced the three men.

"Under these—these articles of war," Mr. Drake said, "it is forbidden to hurt a fellow, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir," Bob answered.

"Good! Now, about this night watching. How would you do that?"

Bob glanced at Harry and at Perry. Perry shook his head helplessly. Harry, however, bobbed up with an answer.

"We'd anchor the *Gray Whale*," he said confidently, "at some place where she'd be



## GRAY WHALE—WARSHIP

safe—where no other boy could run into it by accident.”

“At Shelter Cove, for instance?” Mr. Drake asked.

“Well, maybe not the Cove, sir; but some place like that.”

“I see. How about mosquitoes?”

“That would be easy. Mr. Hinkelstedt could build us a little screen for the trap top. A fellow could set the screen, lie under the hatch and stare up at the stars until he fell asleep.”

“How about a rainy night?” Mr. Drake asked quietly.

That had the boys stumped. Neither Bob nor Harry could answer the question, and Perry did not even try. Finally Harry said doubtfully:

“Maybe the war could be suspended on rainy nights, sir.”

“Very well, boys. You had better take up that question with Dan—with Captain Dan-



## THE LITTLE GIANT

ny. If the war ends whenever it rains, we have no objections to one of you sleeping in the *Gray Whale* if you take turns."

"Oh, we'll take turns all right," Harry cried happily. "I wouldn't miss my turn."

Perry said nothing.

Next morning they wrote a note to Danny Dugan. They told him they were ready to fight, but that there was one point that needed debate. Perry carried the letter to the Dugan float and delivered it to Clara Dugan. He rowed back with the news that he had seen something in the water alongside the float that had looked like a submarine.

"Big as the *Gray Whale*?" Harry demanded.

"Bigger," said Perry.

An hour later the three boys saw a boat come up the Creek and turn her nose toward their float. Bob looked at her through the glass.

"It's Danny," he gasped. "He's got a



## GRAY WHALE—WARSHIP

hat with gold braid, and gold braid on his coat, too. Davis and Farrant are rowing him."

"He's coming to see us just like an admiral," Harry cried excitedly. "What's that thing he has in his hand, Bob?"

"A white flag," Bob answered.

Harry jumped up. "That's a flag of truce so we won't capture him. What do you do when a flag of truce comes along?"

Bob didn't know. Perry sat in speechless wonder staring at the advancing boat. She was so near now, that they could see the words *Little Giant* painted on her bow.

"That's their jolly boat," Harry whispered hoarsely.

Perry found his voice. "What's a jolly boat, Harry?"

"It's the boat the captain goes rowing in," Harry answered. "Don't you remember the wreck of the jolly boat when we read 'Treasure Island'?"



## THE LITTLE GIANT

"Huh!" said Bob scornfully. "The captain goes visiting in the captain's gig."

The enemy was now almost abreast the float. Those on the float could see that not only was Danny decorated with braid, but that Davis and Farrant had braid on their caps, too. Danny Dugan sat very stiffly in the punt.

"Ship oars," he ordered sternly.

Davis and Farrant brought in their oars. They held the punt, and Danny stepped aboard the float.

"My respects to Captain Drake," he said, and bowed.

Bob, after a moment's hesitation, returned the bow. They walked off a few steps. Harry glanced at Perry.

"What do you know about that?" he gasped.

Ten minutes later Danny came down to the float edge. He bowed once more to Bob and stepped into the punt. She drifted away.



## GRAY WHALE—WARSHIP

When she had plenty of sea room Danny lifted his voice:

“Oars,” he said shortly.

Davis and Farrant dropped their blades into the water. The punt swept down the Creek.

“How is that for a trained crew?” Perry asked.

Harry did not reply.

“We thought we gave Danny a start with our bell drill,” he said. “I guess that’s better than ours, eh?”

Harry nodded.

They watched the punt until it disappeared. Harry sighed.

“Gold braid!” he said. “We’ll have to get some of that, Bob. What did his lordship Dugan want?”

“We talked about not guarding on rainy nights.”

“You did? What did he say?”

“He’s willing. Any night we can’t guard



## THE LITTLE GIANT

the *Gray Whale* we're to show a red lantern from the float. Any night they can't guard the *Little Giant* they'll show a light from their float. That ends the war for the night."

"Even if it's not raining?" Harry demanded.

"Certainly. Suppose the circus came to town. We wouldn't want to have war that night, would we?"

"I guess not," said Perry.

Now that they were sure of conflict, they had Mr. Hinkelstedt build the trap screen. The war was not to begin until the following Monday. That left them three days to draw up a plan of campaign.

All day Friday they racked their brains for a place to hide the *Gray Whale* at night. Saturday morning Bob appeared with a plan.

"Let's go right on using Shelter Cove," he said.

Perry gave a cry of dismay. "Why, they'd



## GRAY WHALE—WARSHIP

find us there in no time. That's the first place they'd look."

"They'd find us, anyway," Bob answered, "and I guess we'd all feel more secure in the Cove. We can swing a rope across the inlet at night, and any fellow who doesn't know his ground will have trouble going through there, rope or no rope. Once they get inside they'll have to hunt for the *Gray Whale*. And they'll move slowly because they won't want to make much noise."

"But how can we see them?" Harry asked. "If there was no moon, we might hear them but not be able to tell where they were."

Bob smiled. "Suppose we kept a powerful lamp aboard. Light it at night and cover it so it wouldn't show. When the fellow guarding heard a noise he'd flash the lamp at the inlet. I mean a lamp that throws a good, big ray, like a powerful bicycle lamp. What would happen then?"

Harry grinned. "Why, Danny Dugan's



## THE LITTLE GIANT

crowd would find their boat in the light, and they couldn't see us. They wouldn't know what was coming next, so they'd get out of the Cove in a hurry and take no chances."

"That's how I figure it," Bob nodded. "The Cove is the safest place for us."

They got aboard the *Gray Whale* and turned her nose upstream. Harry brought out their private map of the Creek, a map that they had made themselves. He started to add a few words.

"What are you doing?" Bob demanded.

"I'm correcting this map," Harry answered.

"What's wrong with it?"

"It says Shelter Cove. That's wrong. It must say Shelter Cove Navy Yard."

Perry, from the hold, announced that the affair began to sound more and more like real war each day.

"It is real war," Harry announced. "And we're not afraid of anybody. Say, Bob,



## GRAY WHALE—WARSHIP

Danny may have his crew trained, but I'll bet he hasn't a navy yard."

That afternoon Perry brought his bicycle lamp aboard. They went to the Cove and tried it, but the sun was too bright for them to be able to tell results. They spent an hour picking out a new mooring place for the *Gray Whale*. In the end they decided to place her north of the inlet and almost up against the salt marsh reeds.

That much accomplished, they came back to Mr. Hinkelstedt's float. For want of something better to do Bob threw over a crab line; but the tide was wrong, and he caught nothing. Yet he kept the line overboard.

Harry sat alongside his captain. "The war starts Monday, doesn't it?"

Bob nodded.

Harry dabbled his hand in the water. "All we've seen," he said, "is some of their discipline, and they may have done that just to scare us. How about their boat? How about



## THE LITTLE GIANT

the *Little Giant*? Why don't they show her?"

Perry dropped down alongside Harry. "Maybe she isn't as good a boat as she ought to be," he said hopefully.

"She isn't," Harry answered decidedly. "I've thought this whole thing out. They've put their boat overboard, and she's sunk or something else has happened to her."

"Don't be too sure," Bob cautioned.

"Huh!" Harry gave him a frown. "Didn't we show the *Gray Whale* after Mr. Hinkelstedt fixed her? You just make a note in your little book that I'm right."

"Maybe they'll come around sometime when we don't expect them," Perry said doubtingly. "Maybe——"

His voice trailed off into silence. Bob glanced up from his line.

"Hello!" he called sharply. "What's the matter, Perry?"

"Look," Perry cried weakly.



## GRAY WHALE—WARSHIP

He pointed an unsteady finger out toward the Creek. Harry and Bob stared intently. At first they saw nothing.

"You're crazy," Harry said cheerfully. "You're seeing things."

"Look," Perry cried again. "Out there opposite our cinder path. See it, Bob? See it, Harry?"

This time they saw. A curling ripple of water was running steadily upstream. It was as though somebody was drawing a stout stick rapidly through the water. But nothing was on the surface.

It kept right on, past the cinder path, past the upper stretch of boathouses. Bob jumped into the *Gray Whale* and got his glass. He saw that ripple reach the bend and pass right on. He lowered the glass.

"What was it, Bob?" Harry cried excitedly.

"Danny Dugan's submarine," Perry whispered.

Bob nodded.



## CHAPTER VI

### THE WATCHER AT THE INLET

THE three boys sat in silence on the float. Fifteen minutes later that ripple came down the Creek. This time it was on their side of the stream, and they could see it plainly. There could be no doubt that something under water caused that commotion. Perry even insisted that he saw the shadowy outline of a boat.

When they rowed across to the cinder path that evening, it was with the knowledge that never again might they be able to leave the *Gray Whale* unguarded.

"We'll meet to-morrow afternoon at my



## GRAY WHALE—WARSHIP

house,” said Bob. “We’ll see if we can’t rig up another plan or two.”

By the time they got together next afternoon there was every reason in the world why they should plan. For it had suddenly dawned on Bob that this was an unequal combat with the advantage all on the side of Danny Dugan.

Early in the summer, following their adventures at Whirligig Point when the *Gray Whale* had been caught under water, their fathers had insisted that the boat be made safe before she be used again. The parents had insisted on one other point, too. The boys had had to promise that they would never take the *Gray Whale* into Big Giant River.

The river was dangerous. Here and there were sandbars, and eddies, and strong unexpected currents in unexpected places. A boat like the *Gray Whale*, caught in such a river, might easily come to disaster.

“See how it is?” Bob asked Harry and



## THE WATCHER AT THE INLET

Perry. "They will find us on the Creek. Danny knows it about as good as we do. He'll locate us, and then we'll have to guard the *Gray Whale* with no chance of making an attack on them."

"Why not?" Harry demanded.

"Because he'll probably moor the *Little Giant* in the river. His float is right where the Creek enters the river, anyway. So he'll be able to come up here and rush us, and we won't be able to go into the river after him."

"That makes it all one-sided," Perry cried in alarm.

Of course the war was one-sided, Bob agreed. But could they quit? Could they play the baby-act? They were in for it, and they would have to give as good an account of themselves as possible.

"But we'll lose the *Gray Whale* in the end," Perry argued.

"We haven't lost her yet," Bob answered grimly. "We'll watch the *Gray Whale* so



## GRAY WHALE—WARSHIP

carefully that they won't be able to lay a finger on her."

"But there's no fun in letting the other fellow do all the fighting," Harry complained.

"Maybe we'll do a little fighting, too," Bob answered.

Monday morning started the war—and Monday morning saw each of the three boys up with the sun. They met at the cinder path before seven o'clock. Had the Dugan fellows gone to Mr. Hinkelstedt's float and attacked the *Gray Whale*. But, no; they saw the boat as soon as their punts reached the open waters of the Creek.

They climbed aboard. There was no sign of the *Little Giant*. For a while they idled about the float. Then, moved by a spirit of restlessness, they ran the boat to Shelter Cove. Bob, using his glasses, made sure that the *Little Giant* was not watching them before he swung his boat through the inlet.

Now that the war was on they all felt ill



## THE WATCHER AT THE INLET

at ease. What did you do in time of war? Drill? Surely, you couldn't be drilling all the time. Guarding against surprises? Certainly. But how guard against surprise?

"Here," called Harry. "Let's build a platform on top of the shack. Every half hour somebody can go up with the glass and scan the Creek. We can't see the stream from here—the reeds hide it. But with a lookout we'd be all right. They couldn't creep up on us."

They decided to run the *Gray Whale* out. They would fetch back hammers and nails. Time had sent plenty of driftwood into the Cove—enough to build many, many lookouts.

"We'll tow one of the punts," Bob explained.

"And leave the other two here?" Harry asked.

"Yes."

"Suppose the Dugan crowd sticks its nose in while we're gone?"



## GRAY WHALE—WARSHIP

Bob sat down and scratched his head. Here was another problem. They'd have to guard their punts almost as steadily as they guarded the *Gray Whale*.

"We'll split them," the leader said at last. "Leave one here. Take two with us now. We'll tie one up with Mr. Hinkelstedt, and keep the third at the cinder path."

They left Harry's punt in the Cove. The other two were towed down the Creek. They ran to Mr. Hinkelstedt's float. He gave them hammers and nails, and they threw him the rope of one of the punts. They went up the Creek again, and on to the Cove. Still they had seen nothing of the *Little Giant*.

All afternoon they worked on the platform. A rough ladder led to it from the ground. When it was finished they used the glass on the Creek. They could see as far down as the Bend, and up until the Creek lost itself in narrower banks.



## THE WATCHER AT THE INLET

"Thunder!" cried Harry. "I'm as hungry as a bear."

"So am I," said Perry.

"Look here," Bob said suddenly. "How can we all go home to supper? Somebody must guard the *Gray Whale*."

"I'm not going to miss *my* meal," Harry objected.

"Dad always wants me in for supper," Perry explained.

"We'll have Mr. Hinkelstedt mind the *Gray Whale* to-night," said Bob. "We'll send word to Danny that the war must stop long enough to let us eat supper."

However, they didn't have to lay the matter before the enemy's chief, for when they came to the float, Reddy Farrant awaited them under a flag of truce. Reddy touched his cap in true warship fashion.

"Captain Dugan's compliments," he said, "and will Captain Drake agree to a truce from six to eight each night so the crews can eat?"



## GRAY WHALE—WARSHIP

Bob had no chance to answer. Harry threw the dignity of warfare to the four winds.

"Compliments of nobody," he yelled. "You tell Danny Dugan that he can have until eight o'clock. If he isn't on the job then, we'll come down and take his boat away from him."

Reddy Farrant likewise forgot his diplomacy. "Yah!" he yelled. "You couldn't take a fish off a hook. We're coming after you as soon as we eat."

He rowed off. They watched him go.

"Think he means that?" Bob asked.

"About coming for us to-night?" Harry demanded. He shrugged his shoulders. "I don't know."

"Who's going to watch to-night?" Perry asked uneasily.

"I guess we all had better watch," Bob answered. "Maybe they will come down on us."



## THE WATCHER AT THE INLET

After supper they returned to Mr. Hinkelstedt's float. Bob's mother had given him a small box of sandwiches, and Harry had two bottles of milk. They ran the *Gray Whale* back to the Cove. In the darkness they had a bad half hour trying to find the inlet. Finally they got inside. The bicycle lamp was lighted and cautiously moved about until they found their mooring place. They looped a rope from one side of the inlet to the other. After that they felt that they were as secure as thought and plan could make them. They settled down to a night of watchfulness.

There was but little moon, and it threw practically no light. From the high, dark sky a million stars blinked down at them. Occasionally they heard a train roar across the railroad bridge. The night was full of the songs of the frogs, the noise of night insects, and the chilly feel of the Creek darkness.



## GRAY WHALE—WARSHIP

"What time do you think they'll come?" Harry whispered to Bob.

The captain spoke softly. "Don't know. We can only watch."

They heard the village clock strike nine, and at ten o'clock the fire whistle sounded. Still no sign of the enemy. Half an hour later Harry yawned.

"I'm tired," he grumbled. "Must we stay this way all night?"

Bob decided that they should draw straws—the shortest straw should watch until midnight, the next shortest until two o'clock, and the largest straw should watch from two to four o'clock.

"If they don't appear by that time," Bob stated, "they won't be here at all."

Harry drew the shortest straw, and Perry drew the longest. Bob and Perry stretched off on the floor of the hold. Harry propped his back against the starboard side.



## THE WATCHER AT THE INLET

"Right on the minute of midnight I'll have you out of there, Bob," he announced.

But he had the whole crew aroused before then. The village clock struck eleven, and shortly after that Harry heard the sound of oars. He shook Bob and Perry.

"They're coming," he announced hoarsely.

Bob and Perry sat up with a jump. They pulled out the lamp from where it had been almost covered in a corner. They listened. They heard the oars, too.

"What can we do?" Perry demanded in an agitated voice. His heart was thumping.

"They're at the inlet," Harry whispered. "There! The oars have stopped."

Crouched in the hold they listened. Suddenly they heard a voice:

"Everything's all right, boys."

"Mr. Hinkelstedt!" cried Perry. Bob called to the builder to come in.

"No," came the answer. "I go home to bed. I wanted to see how you were. You



## GRAY WHALE—WARSHIP

are a good crew. You watch well. Good night."

They heard his boat go down the Creek.

After that scare, sleep was out of the question. They sat in the hold talking quietly until two o'clock.

"Perry's watch," said Harry.

He and Bob stretched off. Harry was soon asleep. Fifteen minutes later Bob murmured:

"How goes it, Perry?"

"Oh!" Perry's voice expressed relief. "You awake, Bob? It's scary when you sit up alone, isn't it?"

Bob said it was. He moved over so that his right shoulder rested against Perry's knee.

"Call me if you hear anything," he invited.

"I will," Perry answered thankfully. He seemed to find relief in the nearness of his companion.



## THE WATCHER AT THE INLET

When Bob awakened it was broad daylight. Perry lay beside him sleeping. The captain lifted the mosquito screen and peered out. The rope across the inlet was just as they had left it. He went forward and touched the bell. It clanged loudly. Harry and Perry awakened.

"Here we are," Bob called. "All safe and sound."

They celebrated by going overboard for a morning swim. They sailed the *Gray Whale* back to the float. While Mr. Hinkelstedt watched it, they went home to breakfast. Their night in the open air had given them the appetite of wolves. Bob announced that he would see if the war couldn't be shut down from seven to ten o'clock each morning for breakfast, and from two to four o'clock each afternoon.

"We must eat and do our chores," he explained.

Later in the day they heard from Danny



## GRAY WHALE—WARSHIP

Dugan. The morning truce was agreed to, but not the afternoon.

"All right," said Bob. "We'll do all our chores in the morning and bring lunch with us."

"And we'll catch crabs," said Harry, "just as if there was no war."

However, they didn't do any crabbing. Few of the big Jersey blues entered the Cove, and they did not dare let down their lines in the open Creek.

Monday night Harry stood watch alone. Tuesday it was Bob's turn. Wednesday night it was Perry who did duty. Bob and Harry took the *Gray Whale* to the Cove and left her there. They rowed out in one of the punts.

"So long, fellows," Perry said wistfully.

Early next morning Bob hurried to the Cove. He expected that he would find Perry shaky and nervous after a bad night. But Perry, after having had a morning dip, was dressing in the hold.



## THE WATCHER AT THE INLET

"Where's Harry?" he demanded cheerily.

"I want to get home and eat."

"We can take her down alone," said Bob. He looked curiously at the other boy. "How did things go?"

"Oh," said Perry, "I was scared for a while. Then I began to think that I was just as safe there as any place else. I lay down and fell asleep, and when I woke it was morning. I don't think I'll ever be afraid out here again."

Another day passed, and still they had not seen the *Little Giant*. Then, as they left the float Friday morning, the rival submarine appeared on the Creek.

They watched her with fluttering hearts. She was bigger than the *Gray Whale*—much bigger. Quite a bit of her stuck out of water. She went past the float without paying a bit of attention to Bob and his crew.

"Huh!" grunted Harry. "What a tub she is."



## GRAY WHALE—WARSHIP

Perry thought so, too. "Race her, Bob," he urged.

Harry dived down to his engine. Bob spun the wheel. The *Gray Whale* gathered speed. She moved out nearer the other boat. She came abreast. She started to go ahead.

And then the *Little Giant* showed what it could do. Clumsily, loggily, it drew away from the *Gray Whale*. That big propeller seemed to churn the water into white foam. Five minutes later Reddy Farrant was looking back at them and waving his hands.

The realization that Danny Dugan had the fastest boat came as a shock to Harry and to Bob. That meant that the *Little Giant* could run alongside any time she pleased, and that the enemy could try to board them any time it suited their fancy.

Next day they saw the *Little Giant* again. She was again riding the surface. Bob gave the wheel to Perry and openly studied her through the glass.



## THE WATCHER AT THE INLET

"It's all right," he called to Harry. "We can run away from her under water. She has so much bulk that she can't do much once she's submerged."

"She went pretty fast that day we saw her from the float," Harry replied.

Bob nodded. "I know. We go fast, too. You haven't noticed our speed under water. I have. We'll get away from her, under water. And another thing. So much of her is built above the water line that when she goes down, she goes far down. That means whoever steers her will have to come up every five minutes or so to see where he is."

Again the *Little Giant* made no move to molest them. She seemed like a lazy lion in no hurry to slay.

Had Danny's boat showed fight that morning the pulse of the *Gray Whale's* crew would have been quickened. Instead, the way the *Little Giant* passed them by led Harry to believe that the fears he had felt had been fool-



## GRAY WHALE—WARSHIP

ishly apprehensive. Even Perry, now that he had mastered his fear of the lonely night, seemed to scorn Danny's big craft. Why wouldn't she attack? She had a bigger, stronger crew, hadn't she? Something must be wrong, something that could not be seen, something that stopped the *Little Giant* from showing its teeth.

As soon as the *Gray Whale* reached the Cove, her crew went ashore. Perry climbed to the lookout and scanned the Creek.

"She's not in sight," he said. "We got in without her seeing us."

"Oh, come down," Harry called. "She's a frost. She has a big propeller, and that's about all. Come down."

Perry came down.

Bob, out of his turn, had stood watch the night before. It was Harry's chance to-night. But he demurred. What was the use of watching for a boat that never bothered you? He'd be willing to bet his hat that the *Little*





## THE WATCHER AT THE INLET

*Giant* wouldn't make a night attack all summer.

"Better watch to-night," Bob said quietly.

"Oh, let her go for one night," Harry pleaded. "This is Saturday. Let's go to the park and hear the music."

Bob shook his head.

"I think it's safe," Perry broke in.

Bob walked away. There was no chance to argue with two fellows who felt that way. He picked up the glass and climbed to the lookout. Five minutes later his voice rang sharply.

"Come up, fellows. Easy, there. Don't crowd. Keep your heads down."

Perry and Harry scrambled up the ladder. They crouched low on the platform. Bob handed Harry the glass.

"Over there," he said. "The other shore. Near those two trees. See it?"

Harry stared a long time. "I see it," he said.



## GRAY WHALE—WARSHIP

Perry plucked at his sleeve. "What is it, Harry?"

"The *Little Giant*. She's over there low in the water. Her propeller isn't turning. She's watching the inlet."

Perry gave a whistle of dismay. "How about watching the *Gray Whale* to-night?" he demanded.

Bob glanced sharply at Harry. That boy did not lower the glass.

"I'll watch," he said.



## CHAPTER VII

### FINDING THE LITTLE GIANT

**B**OB and Perry left Harry at the Cove that night. Early in the afternoon they had found a letter at Mr. Hinkelstedt's float from Danny Dugan. It had informed them that the war would be abandoned each Sunday.

"Maybe he feels sure about capturing the *Gray Whale* to-night," said Perry. "Maybe he thinks there wouldn't be any more war left by to-morrow."

"There'll be a whole lot left," Harry scowled, "if he comes around bothering me."

When Bob and Perry rowed away from the Cove after dark they felt sure that there



## GRAY WHALE—WARSHIP

would be trouble before morning. But next day a smiling Harry met them when they paddled in to take him down to the float.

"Any trouble?" Bob demanded.

"Not a lick," Harry answered. "Two or three parties went up and down the Creek singing. About midnight things quieted down and I went to sleep."

However, even though Danny Dugan's crowd had not bothered Harry, Bob was quite sure that the *Little Giant* was about due to engage in battle with the *Gray Whale*. They brought their boat down to Mr. Hinkelstedt's float, and there they left it for the day. Monday morning, when they hurried back to guard their craft, Bob took the old boat builder aside.

"Mr. Hinkelstedt," he said, "if they try to come aboard us, how are we going to repel them? They're bigger than our crowd."

"Throw them overboards," was Mr. Hinkelstedt's reply.



## FINDING THE LITTLE GIANT

"But how are we going to do it?"

Mr. Hinkelstedt showed him two ways of grasping an opponent. "Like that," he said, "you throw them overboards."

Bob grinned. He went back to the others.

"Look here," he announced; "we ought to have some battle drills."

"How?" Harry asked eagerly.

"We ought to be able to throw fellows overboard if they come to bother us. Let's go out to the Cove and practice."

Harry dived for the boat. "Come on," he cried. "This sounds good to me."

Half an hour later they anchored the *Gray Whale* at her mooring place.

"You and Perry can attack," Bob said to Harry. "Better get out of those clothes. I'm going to throw you overboard."

"You are not," Harry announced confidently. Nevertheless, he stripped. So did Perry. They noticed that Bob had stripped, too.



## GRAY WHALE—WARSHIP

"All right," he called; "now you fellows come and get me."

Harry and Perry scrambled out to the sloping sides of the boat. Bob, standing with head and shoulders out of the hatch, prepared to resist the invasion.

"Ready," he called.

Harry went for him with a joyous shout, and Perry followed. They clutched at their captain. Bob wriggled free. He caught Harry with a thigh grip and that young man went overboard, and as he went he carried Perry with him.

The two boys swam back to the boat. Bob gave them a hand and helped them out.

"That wasn't an accident," Harry grunted. "Where did you get that hold, Bob?"

"Mr. Hinkelstedt showed it to me."

"Well, let us all see it."

Bob illustrated how the thing was done. After that, for the rest of the morning, they tossed each other overboard with reckless



## FINDING THE LITTLE GIANT

abandon. They quite forgot the lookout on the roof of the shack. When they heard the noon whistles shrill, they rowed ashore, built a fire, and heated some canned beans. Harry was for starting more of the drill immediately after they had eaten, but Bob called a halt. He said they had had enough, and that it might be a wise thing to begin to scout the Creek in the hopes of finding where the *Little Giant* hid herself. Though Bob was sure that she was in the River, he decided to take no chances.

Perry took the glass to the lookout. He reported the Creek clear of boats. They brought the *Gray Whale* out, keeping below the surface for the sake of safety.

"Oh, just let's drift," Harry called. "What's the use of poking our nose into every mud flat along the Creek?"

"Does Danny know where we moor the *Gray Whale*?" Bob asked quietly.

Harry nodded. "Of course he does.



## GRAY WHALE—WARSHIP

“Didn’t we see the *Little Giant* watching the inlet?”

“Do we know where Danny hides his boat?”

“No.”

“Don’t you see the advantage that gives them?” Bob insisted.

Harry, after a moment, decided that searching was probably the best way to spend the afternoon.

They brought their boat to the surface. They cruised her up as far as they thought Danny might go. They took the west bank and started down.

Gently they kept running her along the fringe of salt marsh reeds. Harry, with a long pole, poked them to and fro in the hope of finding a hiding place. By five o’clock they had got down as far as Shelter Cove.

“That’s enough for to-day,” Bob declared. “To-morrow we ought to get around the



## FINDING THE LITTLE GIANT

Bend, and the next day ought to take us to the River. We'll come up the other side."

"Suppose we don't find her on the Creek?" Perry asked.

Bob shrugged his shoulders.

Next day their search carried them as far as the cinder path. Twenty-four hours later they reached the River. They had searched every foot of the west bank, but had not as much as caught a glimpse of the *Little Giant*.

Next morning, starting at the River, they began to work their way up the east bank. That afternoon the *Little Giant* appeared and tried to come alongside. Despite their battle drills, the crew of the *Gray Whale* had no ardent desire to mix with the enemy. They sank their boat. An hour later they came to the surface, only to find that the *Little Giant* had been patiently following their ventilators.

"Are they going to keep this up all day?" Perry asked as he once more filled the tank.

"We'll tire him out," said Bob.



## GRAY WHALE—WARSHIP

He knew that he was in near the shore, and that there was no danger from other boats. He stayed under two hours. When he came to the surface the *Little Giant* had given up the game for that day, anyway. Danny Dugan's boat was not in sight. Whereupon the *Gray Whale* boldly turned her nose downstream and began her search where she had left off.

They found a Cove that was new to them. It was about a quarter of a mile below the Hinkelstedt float. They thought that they knew every foot of this Creek, yet here was a hidden place that was not on their private map. Harry got out the map and put the Cove where it belonged. They went over every foot of the place. Nowhere was there broken or bruised marsh grass. Plainly the Dugan crowd was not using this spot to hide.

That evening, when they tied up their boat at the float, Mr. Hinkelstedt called them into his shop.



## FINDING THE LITTLE GIANT

"I saw everything what happened to-day," he told them. "For longer than two hours that Danny Dugan kept alongside your ventilators. You need something that will let you laugh at that Danny Dugan, yes?"

"Can you make it?" Harry demanded eagerly.

The old builder nodded. He told them he would build them a battle hatch.

Harry stared blankly. "What's that?" he asked.

"Wait!" Mr. Hinkelstedt said mysteriously. "Soon you will see."

They saw next day. When they brought the *Gray Whale* to the float after relieving Perry from his all-night watch at the Cove, Mr. Hinkelstedt brought a stout-looking covering down to them. He took off the trap, and fitted on this newest arrangement.

"Why," said Harry, "that's a grating."

"That is a battle hatch," Mr. Hinkelstedt said severely.



## GRAY WHALE—WARSHIP

It was built of two-inch wood. Seven stays ran lengthwise and the frame fitted snugly on the inside of the trap railing. After it was in place, Mr. Hinkelstedt locked it. Then he dropped the trap which, falling into place, covered all—the battle hatch and the trap opening, just as though there were no hatch there.

“So!” said Mr. Hinkelstedt. “When that Danny Dugan comes alongside, you drop the battle hatch. What can he do? Come inside then? How, when the battle hatch holds him out? In there you can sit and laugh at him. And when you want to sink, you drop the trap and you sinks.”

Harry danced on one leg. “Let’s go out and hunt for Danny, and invite him to fight.”

Bob shook his head. “We’ll keep this secret. It will be a bigger surprise when they finally come at us.”

They knew now that there was no chance of the *Gray Whale* being taken in open bat-



## FINDING THE LITTLE GIANT

tle. The hatch prevented that. And of that fact they speedily found reason to be glad. For logs, many of them, began to float down Big Giant River. Some found their way into the Creek. Bob had no great desire to run the *Gray Whale* headlong into one of these fallen giants of the forest while under water. The battle hatch, by allowing him to stay confidently on the surface, saved him from this danger.

He heard vague reports that lumbermen were felling trees far up the Big Giant, and that the logs were floating down to a place far below where new docks were to be built. The reason for the logs didn't interest Bob. He only knew that they were a source of danger, and he gave thanks that the next approach of the *Little Giant* would not send him under water where he would have to take a chance of injuring his boat.

The end of that week saw the finish of the search for the *Little Giant's* hiding place.



## GRAY WHALE—WARSHIP

Harry, who had worked as hard as any, once this game of blind man's buff began, was positive that Danny Dugan's boat had no anchorage in the Creek.

"They couldn't stay any place for a day," he argued, "without leaving signs after them. Could they, now?"

Bob shook his head. "I guess not."

"They're out in the River," Harry argued. Suddenly he clapped his hands. "But they won't stay there, Bob. The logs will come down faster and faster as the work goes on. That will drive them out of the River. They'll have to come into the Creek."

Bob jumped to his feet. "Of course they can't stay there. How are we going to know when they come in? Tell me that."

But Harry shook his head. Perry, after a moment, started to speak. He said but a few words, and then stopped.

"What's that?" Bob demanded.

"N-nothing," Perry stammered. "I



## FINDING THE LITTLE GIANT

thought I had a plan. Maybe I have. I must think it over for a while. I'll tell you in the morning."

Next day, however, neither Bob nor Harry asked for information. They had completely forgotten Perry. But Perry had not forgotten.

"I've thought it all out," he said hesitatingly.

Harry looked at him blankly. "What have you thought out?"

"My plan about finding out when they came into the Creek."

"Oh!" Bob's voice showed that he remembered. "What is it, Perry?"

"I have a camera. It takes a four-by-five-inch picture. Couldn't we send up a kite and attach the camera and snap pictures——"

"Huh!" Harry grunted. "You mean take a picture of the land underneath? Big Giant River and Little Giant Creek?"

"Yes."



## GRAY WHALE—WARSHIP

"Why, everything on the film would be so small you couldn't make out——"

"Couldn't we use a magnifying glass?" Perry argued. "We only want to know about the Dugan boat, and she's pretty big. Couldn't we use a magnifying glass to look at the picture after it was developed?"

Harry's grunt of disgust became a shout of joy. Couldn't they? Of course they could. His active mind took fire at once. He would send up the kite; he would operate the camera. Right here at the Shelter Cove Navy Yard they would establish a signal corps, and he'd be the corps.

"We'll let Perry run the camera," Bob observed dryly. "He understands it."

Harry was not discouraged. "I'll develop the pictures," he volunteered.

Bob looked at him suspiciously. "Did you ever do any developing?"

"No; but I could learn, couldn't I?"

"Not at the Shelter Cove Navy Yard," Bob



## FINDING THE LITTLE GIANT

laughed. "Go ahead, Perry. Take full charge."

"Can I give orders?" Perry asked.

Bob nodded.

"Then," said Perry, "I order Harry to fix me a dark room at one end of the shack."

Harry grinned. "Getting fresh, aren't you?" he asked. Yet he went to work with good will. Perry explained what was wanted, and Harry saw that he got it.

They left the Cove before noon. They were back at three o'clock. With them they brought a box kite, Perry's camera, a developing outfit, and several rolls of films. The dark room was equipped. The kite was rigged.

"To-morrow," said Bob, "we'll begin to shoot at the *Little Giant*, and Perry will be the gunner."

But next day there was so little wind that the box kite, loaded with the added weight of the camera, could not fly.



## GRAY WHALE—WARSHIP

The following morning, though, there was what Harry called "a piping gale." The evening before they had taken the films to the village drug store and had changed them for plates. Perry had suddenly awakened to the fact that if he used films, he would have to haul in the kite after taking a snap, wind the film spool, and then send the kite up again. With plates, as each snap was taken, the plate could be taken out. Thus, while the kite was in the air, the first plate could be developed and a print made.

So, with this lively breeze blowing, they sent up the camera and the kite. Perry had worked a hole through the little catch that clicked the shutter. Through this hole he had run a strong linen cord. Now, as the kite went up, he played out his linen line. When he wanted a picture, he would draw the line smartly. He had a secret fear that perhaps this wouldn't work, but he said nothing to Harry or to Bob. He was haunted, too, with



## FINDING THE LITTLE GIANT

the knowledge that it might be easy to snap the shutter three or four times and thus ruin his plates.

The kite went up two hundred feet. Harry was tending to that end of the game. The wind took it westward out over the River.

"Steady her," Perry called.

Harry held the kite cord. It tightened. He felt the pull of the flying thing. And then Perry sharply jerked his linen line.

"Haul in," he called.

The kite came in. Perry was careful to see that his linen line had lots of slack, for he did not want to click the shutter again. At last the kite lay at their feet. Perry took the camera and darted into the dark room.

Forty minutes later he came out with the plate in his hand.

"How is she?" Harry cried.

"She needs a whole lot more washing," Perry answered; "but maybe I can get a print from her."



## GRAY WHALE—WARSHIP

The print came, not any too clear, but still discernible. They carried it into the sunlight. Bob produced a magnifying glass. They put the print under the glass.

There was the Big Giant River. They could see the logs on her surface, a rowboat or two tied up along the bank, the house and the float of the Big Giant Boat Club. Everything stood out clearly.

"Dugan's boat isn't there," said Bob.

"No," cried Harry, "but as soon as she appears we'll find her with the camera."

Bob had been intently studying the picture. "We haven't enough of the river here," he said. "See, this picture does not go down as far as the Creek. Try her again, Perry. Try to get a view of where the Creek and the River meet. I think that's about where Danny would hide his boat."

Perry tried again, and yet again. His second trial brought down a fogged plate, and he never learned what was wrong with his



## FINDING THE LITTLE GIANT

third attempt. But when the images stood out from the fourth plate, he gave a shout of delight. He had caught the River and the Creek—not much, to be sure, but he had caught it.

And, as they later examined the print under the magnifying glass, they saw the *Little Giant* snugly riding at anchor in a sheltered spot not far from the Creek.

“The logs will soon drive her out of that,” Harry announced confidently.

Daily the tide of logs increased, and daily they sent up the camera and the kite. Finally, for two afternoons running, the *Little Giant* was not at her anchoring grounds.

“She’s in the Creek,” Harry cried excitedly. “Can’t you get a view of the Creek, Perry?”

“Not until there’s a south wind,” Perry answered. “The kite must carry down toward the Creek.”

There was a south wind the following Sunday, and the three chums watched it gently



## GRAY WHALE—WARSHIP

bend the tree tops. Oh, if only this wasn't Sunday! But Monday they awakened to find the south wind still there. They hastened to the float, got the *Gray Whale* under way, and kept her going at full speed until they were through the inlet and inside the Cove.

For a while misfortune followed at Perry's heels. Seven times he sent up plates, and seven times he hauled in failures. The morning wore away. At noon they ate their sandwiches, and Bob succeeded in producing a passable cup of coffee. After the meal they went back to their labors. Harry sent the kite up. She moved off gently toward where the Creek and the River met.

"Only about one hundred and fifty feet," Perry told Harry.

Twenty minutes later Perry took his snap. This time he was an hour in the shack. When he came out he held the plate closely, as though he feared he might drop it.

"I don't know what's on here," he cried.



## FINDING THE LITTLE GIANT

"She's good and sharp, though. Where's that printing frame, Harry?"

Five minutes later they studied the print under the glass. There, in the Cove that they had discovered on the east side of the Creek, one-quarter of a mile from the Hinkelstedt float, was the *Little Giant*.

Harry gave a cheer. "We can go after her now, can't we, Bob?"

The leader nodded.

"When?" came Perry's voice.

"To-night," said Bob. "To-night we'll go down and capture the *Little Giant*."



## CHAPTER VIII

### A NIGHT ATTACK

THEY brought the *Gray Whale* down to the Hinkelstedt float and left it there while they went to supper. Their movements were as calm and as indifferent as though the scent of battle was not in their nostrils.

But, when they began to come back shortly after seven o'clock, there was a suppressed excitement about them. Mr. Hinkelstedt looked them over curiously. They told him nothing about their plans. They put away from the float, turned upstream, and apparently started for Shelter Cove.

As soon as they passed the Bend, however,



## A NIGHT ATTACK

they drew into the marsh grass on the west bank. There they waited for darkness.

"Suppose there's anybody minding the *Little Giant*?" Harry asked.

"He'll have to be taken care of," said Bob.

"Thrown overboard?"

"Yes."

Perry whistled softly and stared across the restless water. "I guess that puts it up to me," he said at last. "Bob will be busy at the wheel, and Harry'll be at the machinery. I'll be the only one not busy."

"But suppose it's Farrant," Harry cried. "You couldn't handle him, could you?"

"I could try," said Perry. "I'd have an advantage. I'd know who I was going after, but he wouldn't know who was after him or how many."

Bob nodded. "That's good reasoning, Perry. And if you meet him——"

"Yes?" said Perry.

"Good luck to you," said Bob. "You're



## GRAY WHALE—WARSHIP

having all the honors of this. Your plan finds the *Little Giant*, and now you have a chance to do the actual capturing."

"I'd surrender the chance for two cents," Perry told him candidly.

Never, it seemed to the boys, had the darkness settled so slowly. But at last the stars winked at them, and the shore lines became black. They brought out the *Gray Whale*.

"No lights," Bob warned. "No noise, either."

They kept close to the bank so as to avoid the danger of being sighted by any boats that might be passing up or down the Creek. Harry saw to it that his motor made but little noise. Their boat moved slowly.

"We're at the cinder path," Harry whispered.

Bob strained his eyes. Yes, there was the landmark that denoted the place where they anchored their punts. Then Mr. Hinkelstedt's float must be almost directly across.



## A NIGHT ATTACK

"Can you give me a little more speed?" Bob whispered to Harry. "We want to get across as soon as possible."

Harry cautiously increased the speed. A moment later there came a shock that sent a shudder through the boat.

"Stop it!" Bob called.

Harry stopped the motor. Something black floated alongside the *Gray Whale*. Perry put out his hand and touched it.

"A log," he called to Bob.

This time, when they started the boat again, they kept the speed low, for they had no desire to run against the point end of any of these hidden dangers. Five minutes later Bob thought they must be near the other shore. He ordered the motor shut off. After that they crouched at the trap opening and peered into the darkness. And at length, so gradual that they scarcely noticed it grow into their vision, they became aware of the shore line.



## GRAY WHALE—WARSHIP

Bob turned the propeller. The *Gray Whale's* nose turned downstream.

"No noise, now," Bob warned again.

They knew that the hiding place was now but one-quarter of a mile below. Five minutes later Bob had the motor stopped again. The tide was running out, and the current would carry them. He figured this would be safer, for the motor might begin to hum loudly at any moment, whereas the tide made no sound.

His heart was beating loudly. He could hear Harry and Perry breathing.

"Keep a sharp eye," he whispered.

Perry, the better to see, poked his head up through the trap. A moment later his voice came to them with a hissing sound, as though he spoke through his teeth:

"I hear voices, Bob."

"Where?" whispered the leader.

Perry ducked his head. "Boat party," he told them. "They have a light. They're in at the reeds, bobbing for eels."



## A NIGHT ATTACK

"Can they see us?" Bob demanded.

"I don't think we'll float that close," said Perry.

Bob, however, carefully swung the propeller over. They all heard the voices now—one low and deep, the other thin and piping. The sound came nearer and nearer until it seemed to drum in their ears. They held their breaths. Then the noise began to go astern, and they knew that they were safely past.

But they had come far out into the stream. Bob pointed her nose inshore.

"You'll have to give me a little of that motor," he explained to Perry. "We're getting close to the Big Giant. I don't want to be carried there."

Harry cautiously started the motor. Then he shut it. Then he started it. In this way they edged their way back to the shore.

The Creek now seemed full of logs, proof that they were almost at its junction with the



## GRAY WHALE—WARSHIP

River. They got the *Gray Whale* right up against the reeds. Then they once more allowed her to drift.

And, less than a minute later, they saw another lantern. They caught only a glimpse of it, as though it were a fire-fly. But it was low on the water and back among the reeds. They heard, too, the low, cautious tones of a voice. They knew, without being told, that they had drifted past the *Little Giant's* hiding place, and that Danny and his crew were with their boat.

The darkness shut in around them once more. They dared not drop their anchor. The splash might alarm the enemy. Harry took an oar from the hold. Reaching over, he dug it into the soft mud of the bottom. It held. The *Gray Whale* swung around with her nose pointed upstream.

"You fellows will have to take turns holding this," he said. "It's no joke."

Five minutes later Bob took the oar and



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held the boat. 'Afterwards Perry took a turn. Still later Bob went back to the task again. Then Harry once more grasped the oar. All the while they watched the Creek above them, waiting for Danny Dugan and his crew to depart.

"Maybe they'll take the boat with them," Harry murmured.

Bob grunted. "We'll be lucky if they don't see us," he said.

"We're all right," Harry argued in an undertone. "We're——"

"Ssh!" came from Perry.

They heard the sound of oars. Next they saw a black shape come out from the weeds. The shape stopped.

"Wait a minute," Danny Dugan's voice said. "We'll see if the coast is clear."

Harry, holding the oar that had been rammed into the mud, felt the strain pinch his muscles. But he dared not move. He held his breath, and when he did breathe the



## GRAY WHALE—WARSHIP

air left his lungs through his open mouth. Would they never go away?

"Nobody here, Danny," came Farrant's voice.

"Always be on the safe side," Danny answered. "Oars, men."

The black shape moved away. It grew fainter and more uncertain, and at last was lost. The *Little Giant* was at their mercy.

But was she? Doubts came to Harry. They had not heard Davis's voice. Was he in that boat that had passed, or had he been left behind to guard the submarine?

"We'll never learn staying here," said Bob.

It was necessary, now that they had to go a definite course, that they have power. Harry started the propeller kicking. They forged ahead. Perry kept parting the reeds and looking for a channel.

It seemed that they would never find the inlet to this hiding place. Twice they thought they had what they wanted, and twice



## A NIGHT ATTACK

they ran ahead and poked the *Gray Whale's* nose into shallow mud. But on the third trial they fared better. Perry's pole failed to find reeds ahead, and they sent the *Gray Whale* through a path that ended in a clear space of open water.

"See anything?" Bob whispered.

"No," Perry answered. "We'll have to feel around for her."

They started to go back and forth across the clear space. In a few minutes they bumped into something that suddenly loomed alongside. At the same moment Perry came up from the hold and jumped out into the darkness.

The *Gray Whale*, after that bump, backed away. Bob and Harry waited. After a silence a soft call came to them:

"Euuuu-who!"

It was the call of their crowd. Harry answered in the same low voice.

"She's unguarded," Perry told them. "No-



## GRAY WHALE—WARSHIP

body here. I'm on board. Come for my voice."

So, in the blackness, they again bumped into the *Little Giant*. The two boats were steadied and held together.

"Hurry!" called Bob.

Harry sprang to the deck of the rival submarine. Quickly he bored a large screw hook a few inches into her top deck. Bob threw him a stout rope, and he fastened this to the hook. Then he and Perry came aboard the *Gray Whale*, and fastened the other end of the rope to a hook in their after deck.

"Now," cried Harry, "let's get out of here. Speed this time, Bob; speed."

"Speed!" said Bob. "Start her, Harry."

The motor sang. The propeller churned. The *Gray Whale* wobbled ahead. The line tightened. They felt their speed slacken as the *Little Giant* followed them.

"We have her!" cried Harry.

"Right up to the Cove," called Perry with



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a giggle. "Won't they rub their eyes to-morrow!"

They felt the *Little Giant* hang back an instant, as though she had momentarily stopped.

"What's wrong?" Harry demanded.

They knew a second later. Behind them a bell clanged loudly.

"Speed!" cried Bob. "Give me speed, Harry."

Harry tried to obey the command, but the motor was already doing her best.

"What happened?" he gasped. "That noise will wake the whole Creek. Did you ever hear a louder gong? What happened, Bob?"

"We're idiots," the leader cried. "Why didn't we examine her? They had a big gong bell fitted up ashore, and a string ran from the *Little Giant* to the bell. Anybody who pulled the boat out would ring the bell. See it?"



## GRAY WHALE—WARSHIP

Harry saw, but it was now too late. The alarm had sounded.

Over across the Creek, where the Dugan float should be, they saw a lantern flash. They saw, too, forms running about. Next the light came bobbing toward them across the water.

"They're coming in a boat," Harry called. "Get to the other side of the Creek, Bob. They won't hear the motor with their oars grinding in the locks."

But Danny had more brains than Harry had given him credit for. They heard his voice:

"Stop rowing, fellows." He wasn't using naval language now. "Maybe we'll hear them."

Harry dived for his motor and shut it off. He was too late.

"Over there," Danny cried excitedly. "They're over that way."

The lights came nearer. Harry, in desperation, started the propeller again.



## A NIGHT ATTACK

"We'd run away from these fellows if the tide was with us," he grunted.

But the tide was against them, and besides they were loaded with the dead weight of the other boat. They made sorry progress.

For the next quarter of an hour it was hide and seek on Little Giant Creek. Danny Dugan's crew would stop rowing and Harry would stop the engines. But gradually the rowboat came closing in.

"No use," said Bob. "Cut the *Little Giant* adrift, Perry."

Perry sliced the rope. The *Gray Whale*, released of her tow, jumped ahead. A few minutes later they heard excited voices behind them.

"They've found her," said Harry in a voice of disgust.

"Listen!" said Bob.

The cries died away. They had stopped their machinery and could hear the slightest



## GRAY WHALE—WARSHIP

sound. And what next came to their ears was the splash of oars.

"They're after us," said Bob. "I thought so."

"But the *Little Giant*," cried Harry. "What of her?"

"Danny has put one fellow aboard. He and the other chap—probably Farrant—are after us."

"We'll give them all they want," Harry boasted. "Go back toward them, Bob."

The leader refused. He pointed out that it was a dark night and that it might be dangerous to get thrown overboard out here in the open Creek.

"We'll run for it," he said.

They ran; but whenever they stopped their engine, there was the sound of oars behind them. At last there could be no mistaking the fact that Danny's rowboat was gaining.

"Drop the battle hatch," said Bob quietly.

The engine was stopped. Now, if the



## A NIGHT ATTACK

enemy came to them, they were safe. But Bob was hopeful that Danny might not discover them in the darkness. A night fight on Little Giant Creek did not appeal to him even with the battle hatch down. For Danny's crew, finding the hatch, would smash at it, rules or no rules, and it would be easy for Harry to run the oar up through the gratings and push the attacking party overboard. Tonight the advantage lay with the *Gray Whale*, but Bob did not want a fight. He would prefer to take his chances in daylight.

They heard Danny's boat go past. Meanwhile the tide carried them downstream. Harry was for making another run to the Cove and another assault on the *Little Giant*.

"We've had enough for one night," said Bob.

"Plenty," Perry agreed hastily.

So, alternately going up the Creek and then drifting down, they passed the next two hours. At the end of that time they saw Danny's boat



## GRAY WHALE—WARSHIP

tie up at the Dugan float, the lantern still winking in the darkness.

Then they steered a course for Shelter Cove. After they had turned the Bend they lighted the bicycle lamp. By its rays they found the inlet and came to the black safety of the Cove. They juggled the *Gray Whale* around to the mooring place.

"Where's the punt?" Harry called.  
"Didn't we leave a punt here?"

"We did," Bob answered.

Harry played the light over the water.  
"The boat's gone," he called excitedly.

Bob and Perry hurried forward and helped him search. Finally they gave up. The punt was gone.

"Danny Dugan's been here," said Bob.



## CHAPTER IX

### THE BATTLE OF SHELTER COVE

**T**HAT missing punt was akin to a calamity. It brought to the boys a realization of two facts; first, that they would have to hide the other two punts so that they could not be captured, and second, that they were not the only Creek voyagers who could go off on an expedition of plunder.

It was Bob's night to stand watch. They all had a feeling that Danny's crew, now thoroughly aroused, would come out later and try to get the *Gray Whale* itself. Harry and Perry offered to stay with Bob, but the leader refused their help. They had stood



## GRAY WHALE—WARSHIP

their watches alone; he would stand his. If Danny Dugan came it would be the fortunes of war.

But Danny did not come, and next day they brought the *Gray Whale* down to Mr. Hinkelstedt's float and told him the story of last night's happenings.

"So!" said the old builder. "What foolish young mens. You have your searchlight and your battles hatches. Why did you not think that Danny would invent some protections?"

"We didn't give that a thought," Harry explained.

"Ach! Do you think you have all the brains on the Creek?"

"Not now," Perry answered.

That answer was true. The more Bob and his chums thought over the attempt to capture the *Little Giant*, the more they secretly admired the way Danny Dugan had protected her. It was so simple! And it had worked so well.



## THE BATTLE OF SHELTER COVE

They wanted to recapture their punt. Mr. Hinkelstedt confessed that he could not advise them. Danny Dugan had her, and Danny had probably hidden her.

"It is best," the builder advised, "that you watch your other boats."

Now that the first skirmish had been fought, the *Little Giant* became a mighty cocky boat. She paraded the Creek that afternoon, and Farrant, declining to longer maintain discipline even with his captain on board, laughed and jeered each time he passed the Hinkelstedt float. Later, just to show that they were not daunted, the *Gray Whale* went forth and sailed about. Twice they passed the Dugan float, and each time Clara Dugan, who was overhauling her canoe, waved them a greeting.

"That will be a dangerous boat this summer," said Bob.

Harry laughed. "Not for Clara. She can manage them better than any fellow on the Creek."



## GRAY WHALE—WARSHIP

"I'm thinking of the logs," said Bob. "They're coming down faster, and they're beginning to jam where the Creek joins the River."

The logs, in fact, were coming down so thick and fast that a murmur of complaint was running along from boat club to boat club. When the tide was at its height, these forest monsters practically owned the river. At the ebb and the flood tides, the logs would settle at certain parts. One point where this happened was the junction of the Big Giant and the Little Giant. The logs, jammed and ponderous, would block all small boat navigation until the next tide moved them.

Sunday came, and the war ended for twenty-four hours. The chums, that afternoon, walked down to the railroad bridge and watched another log jam. Soon Mr. Hinkelstedt joined them.

"Farther and farther up the Creek the logs



## THE BATTLE OF SHELTER COVE

will come," he said. "Suppose the *Gray Whale* must go under them. What then? How will you do it?"

"Why," said Harry, "we'll submerge her and go under, that's all."

"Foolish!" said Mr. Hinkelstedt scornfully. "Your ventilators are above the waters when you are down deepest. How will you go under when your ventilators will be knocking against the logs?"

Bob shook his head. "I hadn't thought of that." Then his face brightened. "Look here, Mr. Hinkelstedt. We can last about three hours on the air we take down with us. Those ventilators are fixed so that we can shove them farther out. Can't they be fixed so that we can draw them in? Take them in two feet, say, and screw a cap on the pipe from the inside. That will keep water from coming in. Then we can sail under anything on the Creek."

"There is a heads for you," the builder ex-



## GRAY WHALE—WARSHIP

claimed. "He is not like Harry, all the times talking. He thinks."

"Huh!" grunted Harry. "Anybody can think. But it takes an orator to be a talker."

Nevertheless, he squeezed Bob's arm. And next day, when they went to the float, he was the first to urge Mr. Hinkelstedt to fix the ventilators so that they could be drawn in.

Perry, that day, came to Bob and Harry with a troubled frown. "I have a hunch we're in for trouble," he explained. "Have you seen the *Little Giant* to-day?"

Bob shook his head.

"I haven't," said Harry.

"She hasn't been out," said Perry. "Saturday she paraded the Creek letting us know who was boss. Now she stops. Why? She's trying to throw us off our guard, make us believe that everything has quieted down again. Then, when we relax our vigilance, down she'll come and scoop us. Danny's been in-



## THE BATTLE OF SHELTER COVE

side the Cove. He had a chance to look it over. I'll bet he's only waiting for a dark night to come after our boat."

Harry whistled. "That sounds right, Bob, doesn't it? But we have a man guarding her every night, haven't we?"

"Certainly," Perry answered. "But suppose I'm inside with the battle hatch down. I laugh and say 'Come ahead and get me.' What do they do? They're three to one. They tie a rope to the *Gray Whale* and tow her out, and I'm in the hold and can't come out and tackle the three of them. Can I?"

"Not much," said Bob. He scratched his chin. "Thunder! Every time we think we have things fixed right, something else turns up."

Harry stared hard at his finger nails. "I think Perry's right," he said. "If they're going to attack, they'll come after us soon. Suppose we get permission from our fathers to camp at the Cove for the rest of the week."



## GRAY WHALE—WARSHIP

"Then we can watch her night and day," Perry cried.

That night, when they met at eight o'clock on Mr. Hinkelstedt's float, each boy bore joyful news. They could go camping.

"Now," said Harry, "let Danny come after us. We'll give him the bump of his life."

Perry grinned. "That's us," he said.

Lightning flashed in the east, and there were faint rumblings of thunder. They hung a light to signify that they would not guard the *Gray Whale*, and went to their homes. About midnight Harry awoke and heard the rain pounding on the roof. He thanked his stars that he was in his bed and not at Shelter Cove.

They were busy next morning carrying stores to the Cove. Butter, flour, sugar, canned beans, condensed milk, crackers, cheese—what a mass of material they took with them! About two o'clock in the after-



## THE BATTLE OF SHELTER COVE

noon everything was ship shape. As Harry said, they were ready to stand a siege.

They sent up the camera and caught pictures of the Creek. There was the *Little Giant* in her hiding place.

"Huh!" said Harry. "Fat chance to attack them after one failure. Let's get something to eat."

They passed two glorious days, and never once saw the *Little Giant*. Now that Danny Dugan knew that they were at the Cove, they quit all secrecy. They crabbed openly in the Creek, and they ate big, luscious Jersey Blues until, as Harry said, he was ashamed to look a crab in the face.

The third day came. In the morning they took the *Gray Whale* down to Mr. Hinkelstedt's float to get a supply of new batteries. They started back for the Cove. On their way they passed the *Little Giant*. It was the first time they had seen the enemy since Saturday.



## GRAY WHALE—WARSHIP

Farrant grinned at them. "Nice little boat you have there," he called.

"Let up, Farrant," Danny ordered sharply.

Farrant said nothing more. The *Gray Whale* went ahead and entered Shelter Cove.

"What do you know about that?" Harry asked.

"About what?"

"About Danny telling Farrant to keep still. Why should he do that?"

"I don't know," Perry answered.

"Well, I do," said Harry. "Suppose those fellows had their minds made up to attack us—say to-night. They'd expect to win. They pass us on the Creek. Farrant, knowing what was about to happen says something about a nice little boat. Teasing us, you know; sort of saying to himself nice little boat, but we're going to take it from you. Then Danny, afraid we'll read between the lines, orders Farrant to——"

"Thunder!" cried Bob. "You have a better



## THE BATTLE OF SHELTER COVE

head than any of us. The attack *will* come to-night."

"How do you know?" Perry insisted.

Bob shrugged his shoulders. "I feel it," he said.

So they made ready for the enemy. After dinner they sat as a board of strategy—at least, that was the name Harry gave the gathering.

"If they can come in," Bob said, "and just row up to the *Gray Whale* and make a fight for it, they may succeed."

"Even with the bicycle lamp shining on them?"

"They'd simply have to row toward the lamp," Bob explained, "in order to find the *Gray Whale*."

"But suppose we put the lamp some place else?" Harry asked.

"That's it," Perry cried. "Let one of us stay ashore in the shack. If trouble starts he can manipulate the light."



## GRAY WHALE—WARSHIP

"But how would that help the *Gray Whale*?" Bob asked. "As soon as they found the light did not come from the boat, they'd search for her, wouldn't they? And then there'd only be two of us on board to repel the invaders."

"But," Perry insisted, "if they came toward the light and ran into the mud——"

"Yah!" Harry yelled. "That's the answer, Perry."

Perry seemed pleased. "About coming toward the lamp?"

"No; not exactly that. Nobody would go for a light in the shack. It's too far inshore. It wouldn't fool a baby. But suppose we put a box in the reeds where the water is shallow. Take the ruby lamp Perry uses in the dark room, light it, and put it in the box. If Danny Dugan's crowd comes in through the inlet they'll be fooled."

"How?" Bob asked.

"How?" Harry giggled. "Don't you see



## THE BATTLE OF SHELTER COVE

it, Bob? They wouldn't see the lamp. They'd see the reflection that came up from the box. They'd think we had the trap open and a light burning in the hold of the *Gray Whale*. They'd start for the light, and they'd go aground."

"With the *Little Giant*?" Perry demanded.

Bob shook his head. "They wouldn't bring the *Little Giant* in here. They'd come in with two or three punts. Maybe we could capture them."

"Let's get to work," cried Harry.

They took the *Gray Whale* far into the reeds at the back of the Cove and there hid it. Then they found an empty box that had held crackers. They took the lamp out of the ruby box and fastened it to the bottom of the lure. It took them an hour to find a place where they could locate the false light. Then, their labors accomplished, they waited for the coming of darkness.

As soon as the stars came out, they lighted



## GRAY WHALE—WARSHIP

the lamp. They rowed off a bit and looked at it. There, on the water, was a soft glow that seemed to come from the water itself.

"It will fool them," Harry exulted. "They'll run aground as sure as fate. Here's where Danny Dugan meets his Waterloo."

They decided to take turns standing watch. They would all stay in the shack. Once the enemy arrived, two of them as an attacking force could get into one of their punts. While the enemy, aground, struggled to get off, the bicycle lamp would be flashed on them by the fellow who remained at the shack.

"And whichever two of us go off in the punt," Bob said, "can attack Danny and his crew from the rear. There'll be warm work to-night."

"If they come," Perry reminded his leader.

"They'll come," Harry said confidently.

It was Perry's watch from ten o'clock until



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midnight. Bob and Harry stretched off for a sleep. Perry stood at the window looking out at the shadows of the Cove.

It would have been just as well, however, had they not divided the night into watches, for all three boys were too excited to sleep. Harry, after half an hour of restless squirming, gave up in disgust and went over to the window and watched with Perry. Bob stuck it out ten minutes longer. He sighed and joined his chums.

"Too hot to sleep, anyway," he explained.

But they all knew that it was not the heat that kept him awake. They knew that he expected battle. And a few moments after eleven o'clock, they heard the muffled sound of oars.

"They're coming," Perry whispered.

"Get the bicycle lamp ready," Bob ordered softly.

"It is lighted," Perry answered. "I have it in the rear of the shack."



## GRAY WHALE—WARSHIP

"Get it," said Bob. "Keep it under your cap. Don't flash it until I tell you."

There could be no doubt, after a moment, but that boats were coming through the inlet. How many boats there were they could not tell. Two or three, maybe.

Soon the sound grew plainer. The boats were now in the Cove.

"Watch them go for that light," Harry whispered excitedly.

And for the light the boats turned their noses. Bob, Harry and Perry held their breaths. Would Danny Dugan's crowd never stop rowing? Would they never reach the lure?

"Ready with the light," came Bob's voice. "I saw a shadow on the water. They're getting near it."

Suddenly a low cry came from the Cove. Then came another.

"Flash it," Bob called. "They're aground. Come on, Harry. Start yelling, Perry. Try to drown the sound of our oars."



## THE BATTLE OF SHELTER COVE

Bob ran from the shack. As he and Harry tumbled into their punt, the bicycle lamp sent a flashing ray of light across the darkness. It showed three punts aground in the reeds. Danny was in one boat, Farrant in another and Bill Davis manned a third.

The enemy, as Bob could see, was in confusion. They had jammed their oars into the mud and were trying to get their punts free. The light that flashed on them told them that they were in for trouble.

From the shack came Perry's voice shouting and hurrahing. The sound increased the confusion of Danny Dugan's warriors.

"Come on, Harry," Bob cried. "Keep out of the light! Make things warm for them!"

They rowed furiously across the Cove. As they neared the light Harry drew in his oar.

"Here's where Farrant gets his," he grunted. He gave a yell and thrust the oar. It popped against Farrant's chest, and that young



## GRAY WHALE—WARSHIP

warrior went over into the reeds with a splash.

"Get Davis," Bob yelled.

And a moment later Davis had been spilled from his boat.

All the while Perry kept up a lusty yelling. The invaders, demoralized, thought only of safety.

"Put Danny Dugan overboard," cried Harry.

But Danny Dugan had had enough of warfare for one night. He managed to free his boat from the mud.

"Keep away from me," he warned. "I'll jab you with the oar."

Farrant and Davis had grasped their leader's punt. Dripping and sputtering, they climbed laboriously aboard. Once in the boat they each took an oar and started to flee. The light from the bicycle lamp followed them. Harry and Bob slapped their oars in the water as though they were in pursuit.



## THE BATTLE OF SHELTER COVE

"Get them," they kept yelling. "Get them."

And, with that cry ringing in their ears, and with the light still following them, the crew of the *Little Giant* went through the inlet in panic, and out to the safety of the open Creek.

Five minutes later the victors took stock of their spoils. They got the two punts off the mud and took them to the bank in front of the shack. One of the boats was freshly painted, but they recognized it as the punt that Danny Dugan had captured at the Cove the week before.

"Well," Harry grinned, "they didn't stay long, did they?"

All that night they sat up, watching for the enemy to return. The enemy, however, had had enough. When daylight broke, the chums stirred themselves sleepily. Perry went outside and built a fire and began to prepare coffee. Harry took a sheet of paper and a pencil.



## GRAY WHALE—WARSHIP

“What was it Commodore Perry wrote about the battle of Lake Erie?” he demanded. “Oh, I know.” He wet the pencil and bent over the paper.

Sometime later he tacked his message to the door of the shack. It read:

We have met the enemy and they are ours—two punts, four oars and Danny Dugan’s goat.



## CHAPTER X

### WHAT THE CAMERA SHOWED

FOLLOWING the battle of Shelter Cove, the chums felt that they would be safe for a long time. The very unexpectedness of what had happened to Danny Dugan's followers would rob them of any desire to again invade the Cove in a hurry. Likewise, Bob and his friends had no desire to make another raid on the *Little Giant*. It looked as though there would be peace for many, many days.

After breakfast they all went to sleep. It was early afternoon before they awoke.

"Send up the kite," Harry advised. "I'll bet we have Danny's navy so scared that they



## GRAY WHALE—WARSHIP

picked out another hiding place for the *Little Giant*."

They sent up the camera, snapped it and brought it down. When the plate had been developed and a print had been made, they saw that the *Little Giant* had quit her Creek hiding place. A later plate showed that she was not in the River. Evidently the rival boat had found a new place to shelter itself.

"Believe me," said Harry, "I am glad. I'm getting pretty sick of watching, and waiting, and night attacks, and all that. And the cat-fish are getting pretty big up the river, too—big, fresh water cats."

Far up above Shelter Cove the salt water of the Creek became fresh. Next morning, with the fresh coolness of the day still over the land, they ran the *Gray Whale* up the Creek. Using worms as bait, they dropped their lines into the stream.

Harry had spoken truly. The fish were big. Likewise, they were hungry. One by one they



## WHAT THE CAMERA SHOWED

came over the side. The boys had learned sportsmanship. They did not allow their catch to suffer and to die slowly. Each fish was killed as it flopped into the boat. And when at last they had as many as they would eat that day and the next, they hoisted the anchor and steered for the Cove. There the tough outer skin was stripped from the cats, and they went merrily into the frying pan.

What a glorious meal it was! They had the hunger of healthy, outdoors boys, and the flesh of the fish was firm and hard. When the last of the cooked fish had been eaten, Harry stretched off lazily in a patch of shade.

"I wouldn't change places with the President," he sighed.

Perry nodded. Bob laughed. "The President has no rival submarine," he reminded them, "giving him trouble."

"We'll get no more trouble from Danny," Harry grinned. "I guess he knows when he's



## GRAY WHALE—WARSHIP

had enough. We'll be signing a peace treaty next."

Bob shook his head. "You don't know Danny," he said. "He isn't the kind to give up."

But Harry refused to worry. Perry, however, insisted that it was the part of prudence to keep the camera working each day.

That night they stationed no watch. Sometime after midnight they encountered their first summer storm. The crashing of the thunder awakened them. Perry lighted the bicycle lamp and sent its rays out into the storm. The water of the Cove was lashing about wildly.

"Did we drop the trap on the *Gray Whale*?" he demanded anxiously. "She'll be flooded if the hatch is open."

"The trap is closed," said Bob.

They stood at the window and watched the storm. The lamp blew out. The lightning flashes showed them nature at its worst. The marsh reeds were bent to the water. Suddenly



## WHAT THE CAMERA SHOWED

came a flash brighter than the others. The thunder roared. They fled from the window.

"That hit something near here," Perry gasped.

In truth, they were all pretty well scared. The wind increased in violence, and the shack, rudely built as it was, began to rock.

"Will this thing go into the Cove?" Perry demanded.

That same question had sent a grip of fear over Harry and Bob. The captain, though, answered with an effort at fearlessness:

"Of course not. This is just a summer storm. This isn't a cyclone."

"I don't know about that," Perry answered uneasily. "I wish I was home."

A broken tree branch, flying through the air, crashed into their window and shattered the glass. Harry bounded to his feet.

"What's that?" he gasped.

Then the rain came driving through the open window. They retreated to a corner.



## GRAY WHALE—WARSHIP

There, for more than an hour, they huddled together and spoke in frightened whispers.

Gradually the storm died away. The thunder sounded off in the distance. The lightning flashes became fainter. And at last the uproar ceased. Harry struck a match and looked at his watch.

"Half-past three o'clock," he said. "It will be daylight in an hour."

Sleep was impossible, for the floor was thoroughly rain soaked. Like so many shipwrecked sailors, they waited for the dawn. It came at last, calm, and peaceful, and warm, with the sky showing a bright, smiling face.

"Huh!" said Harry. "I knew we'd be all right."

"You were as frightened as any of us," Perry cried indignantly.

Harry grunted, and went out and searched for dry fire wood. He found none.

"We'll have to go down the Creek for breakfast," he said.



## WHAT THE CAMERA SHOWED

They were glad to go, for the shack had a wet, bedraggled appearance. Anyhow, their fathers and mothers would probably be anxious about them. They tied the *Gray Whale* at the Hinkelstedt float, went across the Creek in their punts, and scampered to their homes to tell that they were all safe from the storm.

Two hours later they were back at the Cove. The sun had dried everything, and the shack looked fresh and clean. Mr. Hinkelstedt had told them that the storm had brought a mass of logs down the Big Giant, and that the river was actually dangerous.

Now, the better to get an idea of how the river looked, they sent up the camera. An hour later Perry had his plate developed. He took a print and they examined it.

The river was full of what looked like match sticks. But the boys knew that each of these sticks represented a stout, rugged log. Here and there the sticks seemed broken. Perry pointed to two places.



## GRAY WHALE—WARSHIP

"That's foam breaking over the logs," he said. "The Big Giant's been swollen by the rain. She's a pretty wild river to-day."

"Nice river for a canoe, eh?" Harry laughed.

"I'll bet Clara Dugan wouldn't be afraid to take a canoe into that river," said Perry.

They had dinner from what remained of the catfish. While Harry washed the dishes, Perry sent up the kite. When he brought in the camera he made a leisurely trip to the dark room.

"I wish one of you chaps would learn to develop," he grumbled.

Harry dropped the dishes. "Teach me," he invited eagerly.

"Come along," said Perry.

They skipped into the shack, Harry calling a gleeful order to Bob to clean up the dishes.

Almost an hour later Harry bounded from the shack. Perry was only a step behind him.

"Bob!" Harry cried. "There's something



## WHAT THE CAMERA SHOWED

funny about this plate. There's an upset boat or something in the river."

"What kind of boat?" Bob demanded.  
"The *Little Giant*?"

"We don't know. Perry saw it first. Perry! Where are you— Oh!"

For Perry was fixing paper to take a print. The three of them leaned over the frame as the sunlight shone full on the plate. A few minutes later Perry took a quick glance at the print.

"A little longer," he said.

Two minutes later he took the print out. They studied it through the magnifying glass.

"That's an upset boat," said Bob. "See, she was upset by the logs. See them all around her? And look at that jam at the Creek."

"Is it the *Little Giant*?" Harry demanded.

"No," said Bob in a puzzled tone. "It isn't Danny Dugan's boat. What is it, Perry?"

Perry turned the print from side to side. "It's a canoe," he said.



## GRAY WHALE—WARSHIP

At that Harry grabbed the print and the glass. Bob jumped to his side.

"Is it—" he began.

"It is," Harry shouted. "It's Clara Dugan's boat. But where's Clara?"

"She must have been pulled out," said Bob.

"She couldn't have been," Harry cried. "They'd have pulled out her canoe, too. She's been upset. She couldn't swim back to the Creek through those logs at the jam. The Big Giant current's at its worst now."

"Then she's probably holding to a log and being swept out to the bay," groaned Perry.

"And that picture was taken an hour ago." Bob jumped toward the landing where they had the punts. "What are we waiting here for? Come on."

The chums tumbled into one of the punts. They rowed furiously out to where the *Gray Whale* was moored. They clambered aboard. Even before the anchor was up Harry had started the engine. The boat took head-



## WHAT THE CAMERA SHOWED

way slowly and moved out through the inlet.

"The tide's with us," said Perry.

"And she's been drifting an hour with the tide," said Bob, and groaned. "Light the lamp, Perry. We'll need it when we hit the River."

Perry brought out the lamp.

"Haul in those ventilators," Bob ordered as they turned the Bend. "We must get under that log jam."

Harry grunted and panted as he pulled the ventilators down. He screwed the caps on the ends so that the water would not come in on them.

"It's lucky we thought of this," he gasped.

They came down the Creek with the setting sun shining in through the lookout window. Had Danny been on the float they would have called to him. But the Dugan float was deserted. Then, almost directly ahead, they saw the beginning of the log jam.



## GRAY WHALE—WARSHIP

"Sink her," said Bob.

Perry pulled the lever and filled the tank. Slowly the *Gray Whale* sank and went under the logs. When next they came to the surface they would be out on Big Giant River. They had given a pledge that they would keep out of the Big Giant, but now with rescue work before them, none of them gave the promise a thought. Their minds were on the girl who was being swept out to the deep, dark waters of the bay.



## CHAPTER XI

### THE RESCUE

THEY thought, after the *Gray Whale* had sunk, that they would hear the grind of the logs. Instead, no sound came down to them. They were in an air-tight vault, in a little world all their own. Everything was shut out. Above them was danger. They could not hear it, they could not see it, but they knew that it was there.

Shortly a new problem presented itself.

"How will we know when we are in the River?" Perry asked.

"We can't know," Harry answered. "We must come up and take a chance."

"No," said Bob. "When we hit the River



## GRAY WHALE—WARSHIP

the current will catch us on our beam. We'll feel it. We'll know."

So they stood tensely in the hold and waited. After what seemed a long time Harry said that they must surely be in the River.

"Wait," Bob ordered.

Soon they felt the *Gray Whale* stagger and wobble.

"That's the River current," Perry cried.

Slowly they brought the *Gray Whale* up. They stopped her near the surface. Bob, from the lookout, could see long black shadows on the water above. He knew that these were logs.

"Stop the engine," he ordered.

Harry obeyed. Bob let the boat drift with the current. A few minutes later an open spot appeared directly ahead.

"Pump," he ordered. "Speed, Harry."

The *Gray Whale* moved forward and upward. She came to the surface safely. They



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threw back the trap, ran out the ventilators, and prepared to race down the River.

The sun was disappearing. The west bank of the river already showed brooding shadows. The surly current bobbed the *Gray Whale* as though she were a heavy, cumbersome cork.

"Is there any chance of being upset?" Perry demanded.

"Not a chance," said Bob. "But we'll have some rough spots."

All around them were logs. The *Gray Whale*, however, moved faster than any of these forest giants. The logs had only the current to speed them; the boat had both the current and her propeller. At that, though, she did not move as fast as Bob wished.

"Couldn't Perry and I take an oar," Harry asked, "and work from the hatch?"

"Every bit of power helps," said Bob. "Hurry, fellows."

Each boy put over an oar and worked it with long, powerful sweeps. The speed of



## GRAY WHALE—WARSHIP

the *Gray Whale* increased a little—not much, but a little.

“We must go faster than this,” Bob cried. “Clara has had an hour’s start.”

“We’re not getting the full current,” Harry guessed. “Shift her, Bob. Keep moving about until we reach the strongest part of the channel.”

Five minutes later they felt the water grip them and begin to sweep them ahead.

“That’s it,” Harry cried. “We’ll get there now. See, we’re leaving those logs behind as though they were tied.”

Slowly the night came on. While the daylight lasted, Harry stood in the trap and used the glasses and searched the River, but failed to sight the girl they sought. When at last the night closed over them, they were three miles from the Creek.

“Light the lamp,” said Bob.

On through the darkness went the *Gray Whale*, with the rays of the lamp swinging



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back and forth across the blackened waters.

As long as the day had lasted, the boys had not voiced any real alarm. Now, though, their tones changed. Harry's voice became a hoarse murmur. Perry's tightened like wire heavily drawn. Bob spoke in worried, harassed sentences.

"Maybe the log she was holding to got into a shore eddy," said Harry.

"Give the shore plenty of light," said Bob. "Where can she be? Why did she go on that river in a canoe?"

Twice, in the next ten minutes, the light showed logs gathered near the bank. Each time Harry made a trumpet of his hands and called: "Cla-ra Du-gan! Cla-ra Du-gan!" The echo of his voice came back to them, but that was all.

"Keep trying the shores," Bob ordered wearily.

Logs bumped them and rasped them, but they now paid no attention to the danger.



## GRAY WHALE—WARSHIP

The light saved them from ramming anything directly in front. What they did hit they caught on the sides with glancing blows. Several times the *Gray Whale* was jarred; but not for a moment did she pause in her drive down the river.

After a while the stream widened. Now came a new danger. If they remained in the channel the light from the lamp would scarcely reach the shores. Suppose the girl was caught some place there? They would surely miss her.

"If we go from side to side," Bob protested, "we're going to lose the current. We'll have to stay in the center and take chances."

"We can stop the engine every few minutes," Perry suggested, "and shout and listen. How would that work?"

"It's the best we can do," Bob groaned.

Perry climbed up and sat on the trap with his feet dangling inside. Every time Harry stopped the engine he raised his voice:



## THE RESCUE

“Cla-ra Du-gan! Cla-ra Du-gan!”

Only the echo came to them out of the blackness of the night.

Presently they passed under the dark arches of a railroad bridge. Perry hailed the bridgeman's tower:

“Bridge ahoy! Bridge ahoy!”

From the bridge came a man's voice: “What's wrong?”

“Did a girl drift this way clinging to a log?”

“No. Who are you? Who are you looking for?”

Instead of answering, Perry dropped into the hold.

“She can't be much ahead of us,” he cried. “The bridgemen didn't see her. They couldn't have missed seeing her if she had passed in daylight. And if it had been light, Clara would have got away from that log and onto the bridge piles. Maybe she was afraid to take a chance in the darkness. She



## GRAY WHALE—WARSHIP

can't be so far ahead now, and our boat's going faster than the logs."

His words put hope into Bob and Harry. Somehow, the *Gray Whale* seemed to brighten. The light cut back and forth across the water with more confidence.

But at the end of fifteen minutes they began to feel a deep despair. The River was becoming wider all the time. The stretch of water was so large—and the light of the lamp was so small.

"We can't give up," cried Bob.

"But we're almost five miles from the Creek," Harry gulped. "We'll never find her."

"Call," Bob urged. "Call for her."

Once more Perry climbed up and sat on the trap. His voice carried across the cold, forbidding River:

"Cla-ra Du-gan! Cla-ra Du-gan!"

"No use," Harry groaned.

"Keep calling," Bob ordered grimly. He



## THE RESCUE

was beginning to feel that they had made a mistake. They should have stopped a moment to arouse the Dugans and Mr. Hinkelstedt. Well, it couldn't be helped now. They had come out for her, and they would keep on until they reached the bay. Then they would turn back—but not before.

The River was growing rougher. There was a lashing chop to the water. Yet the *Gray Whale* went on and on until, ahead in the distance, they saw clusters of lights.

"The bay," sighed Harry. "Are we going any farther, Bob?"

Bob did not answer. But he ordered the engines stopped, and that was enough. They let the *Gray Whale* drift, as though they were reluctant to turn her about. Presently Harry pushed Bob aside and took the wheel.

"We must go back, Bob," he said gently.

"All right," the leader answered miserably. "I'll steer her, Harry. Give me the wheel. Start your engine."



## GRAY WHALE—WARSHIP

Harry went aft, stumbling on his way as though he could not see. His hand was reaching out to start the motor when Perry's voice broke shrilly:

"I hear something. What's that?"

Harry stiffened. An instant later his head was up through the trap. He and Perry stood together scarcely daring to breath. And faintly, from across the water, came a sound.

"Hear it?" Perry demanded. "What is it?"

Harry jumped down to the engine. "I don't know. It's east, whatever it is. Steer that way, Bob." He started the motor.

"It's west," cried Perry; "west, I tell you."

For several minutes the *Gray Whale* kicked its way toward the east shore. Then the engine was stopped. They listened. No sound save the lapping of the water.

"I told you it was west," cried Perry.

They turned the boat's nose the other way. Five minutes later they halted again and listened. Stronger, now, came the sound. It



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did not sound like a voice; neither did it sound like anything they had ever heard. They had come too far, however, to go back now that a human being might be calling them.

"Engine!" cried Bob. "Make her work, Harry."

Harry started the motor again. This time they moved forward a longer space of time.

"Stop," Bob cried.

This time the sound came to them almost plainly. Their hearts jumped. They recognized it now. It was a woman's voice crying for aid.

"Over that way," Harry directed.

Perry swung the lamp's ray. The motor started again. Forward went the *Gray Whale*.

A log appeared in the path of the light. There seemed to be a spot on the log, a spot that moved.

"It's her," Perry cried wildly. "There



## GRAY WHALE—WARSHIP

where I have the light, Bob. See it? Steer for that. I'll keep the light on it. Steer for it, Bob."

The leader needed no urging. Now and then the log floated away from the lamp's ray, but always the light found it again. The spot grew larger. It seemed to become slim and long, and to stretch up out of the black water.

"She's waving to us," cried Perry. "Maybe she thinks we don't see her." He lifted his voice: "We're coming; we're coming."

The waving stopped.

Slowly they came down upon the log. There could be no doubt now that it was Clara Dugan. They could dimly see her face. Her hair was floating in the water.

"She's tiring," called Perry. "One of her arms just slipped."

Harry bobbed out of the hold and up beside him. "Where?" he demanded. He studied the girl. Suddenly he dived from the boat. They saw him come to the surface and



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swim toward the log. "I'll help her hold on," he called back.

He reached the girl only a minute ahead of the boat, but that minute was precious, for her strength was gone. She slipped from her hold as he got to her. He gripped the floating hair and dragged her in so that he could clasp one arm. Then the *Gray Whale* loomed alongside him.

The rudder and the engine were left to do as they pleased. Bob and Perry pulled Clara Dugan aboard. Harry scrambled after her.

"Is she all right?" Perry demanded anxiously.

"She's breathing, isn't she?" Harry demanded. "Well, that's all we need to know. There! Hear her sigh? She'll be cold from being in the water so long. Where's that little blanket we used when the nights were cool—that one for the fellow who stands guard?"

Perry dragged the blanket from some place up forward. They wrapped it about the girl.



## GRAY WHALE—WARSHIP

Later, when she regained consciousness, Perry told her that she was all right and not to worry. The *Gray Whale*, manfully bucking the tide, was past the railroad bridge before she spoke.

"My canoe upset," she said. "I was caught among the logs. I couldn't swim ashore. And by the time my log was free and clear, the current was too strong for me. I had to hold on and let it carry me."

"Did you see us coming?" Harry asked.

"I saw your light. I knew it was the *Gray Whale*. Danny had told me about the light you flashed on him at the Cove. I saw you coming all the while. When you turned around to go back my heart went down into my toes."

"That's just when Perry heard your voice," said Bob.

The girl smiled feebly. "Then I'll be grateful to Perry all my life—to all of you. I guess if it wasn't for you I'd be—be——"



## THE RESCUE

"Shucks!" said Bob. "We only sailed the *Gray Whale* down the River."

"I know," the girl answered. "I know what you did."

Slowly the submarine made headway. Bob had to keep a watchful eye, for now he was running against the oncoming logs.

"How did you know I was drifting?" the girl asked after a silence.

Harry explained about the kite and the camera. Clara Dugan smiled.

"And Danny thought he could get the best of you," she murmured.

"Well," said Harry, "Danny worked a pretty good game on us with that gong bell."

"I thought of that," the girl said guiltily. Bob laughed, and next they were all laughing.

The trip back, though tedious and filled with the danger of going into a log head on, was far more joyful than the trip down had been. Despite the fact that the girl shivered



## GRAY WHALE—WARSHIP

a bit, even though blanket-wrapped, they were a merry crew.

Two miles from the Creek they saw a light on the water.

"What's that?" Perry asked.

"That's Danny," said Clara suddenly. "His lantern has a rim of red around the center of the glass."

"I can see the red," Harry called. "Steer for it, Bob."

The *Gray Whale* bore down toward the light. At length, from ahead, came Danny's voice anxiously:

"That the *Gray Whale*?"

Harry made a trumpet of his hands. "We have Clara."

They heard a cheer from the light. Soon a rowboat was alongside. In it was Danny, Farrant and Davis. Clara related with much satisfaction how the *Gray Whale* had searched for her and had found her.

"We didn't miss you until the jam at the



## THE RESCUE

Creek broke up," Danny exclaimed. "Then we found the canoe. Father and some men are searching up there, thinking that perhaps—perhaps— Oh, sis, I'm glad you're safe."

There wasn't much of the fighting Danny in sight just then. He wanted to take his sister into the rowboat, but Bob pointed out that she was chilled, and that sitting in the hold of the *Gray Whale* she would be protected from the night breeze. Besides, it would be hard work to buck the current with the rowboat with four persons in it. So the submarine kept on her way, and the rowboat kept alongside. Over and over Danny kept telling his sister how glad he was that she was safe.

They came to the Creek at last. There was a lot of shouting and Danny managed to make the searchers there realize that his sister was safe. Then came more shouts and cheers. The *Gray Whale* proceeded to the Dugan float as though she were a victorious battleship.



## GRAY WHALE—WARSHIP

Tender hands helped the girl from the *Gray Whale* to the float. They hurried her indoors.

"All right," Bob called to those who held the *Gray Whale* against the float. "Let her go."

They did not let her go—not for a full minute, anyway. And in that minute Danny Dugan leaned across the trap and clutched Bob's hand.

"I won't forget this," he said huskily.

Then the *Gray Whale* was free. She drifted out with the tide. Harry started the engine. The submarine, her mission of rescue accomplished, moved upstream toward Mr. Hinkelstedt's float.

"Fellows," said Harry, "I have a pretty good hunch that the Little Giant Creek war is about over."



## CHAPTER XII

### THE FLEET ORGANIZES

THE chums did not bother to guard the submarine that night. They felt that they could have left it outside the Dugan float and that Danny would not have bothered it.

They told Mr. Hinkelstedt the story of what had happened. He rubbed his wrinkled cheeks, and stared at them solemnly, and at length announced that he was proud of them.

After that they rowed across the Creek and went to their homes. Their week of camping still had a day to run, but they wanted to report that they had broken their promise and had gone into Big Giant River.



## GRAY WHALE—WARSHIP

"Not that we'll be scolded," said Bob. "We won't. But we'll have to report it, anyway."

Bob was right. They were not scolded. Three proud mothers and three proud fathers secretly thought that their sons were heroes. The sons themselves thought that it had been a bully adventure and nothing more.

"Though," Perry said reflectively, "I wouldn't want to go through it again. The Big Giant is too savage at night."

Next morning the boys went to the Hinkelstedt float. They found the old builder painting the *Gray Whale's* flag staffs and her ventilators.

"She is a good boat," he said. "She did some good services. So I gives her a rewards with some paint."

The chums sat around and watched him complete his labors. Toward noon a punt came through the railroad bridge boatway.

"Here's Danny Dugan," Perry called.



## THE FLEET ORGANIZES

Danny sat in the bow of the punt with a flag of truce. Farrant and Davis pulled the oars. She came alongside the float. Danny leaped aboard. Farrant threw a rope to Harry. Then the crew followed their captain.

Danny didn't make bows and stiff speeches now. "Hello," he said awkwardly.

"Hello," Bob answered. "How's Clara?"

"She's all right. She says you fellows just about saved her from drowning."

"We only pulled her out of the water," said Harry. "That wasn't much."

Danny swallowed hard. "Well, we think it was a whole lot. How—how about dropping this war, eh?"

Perry gave a jump of joy. "I'm willing," he cried.

Bob nodded. "So am I."

At that Danny became bolder. "Say, couldn't we get the two boats together? Sort of make a fleet?"



## GRAY WHALE—WARSHIP

"There'd have to be a leader," Harry said slowly.

"Bob—Bob could be leader," Danny said weakly.

"That would make the leader's ship the flagship," Harry insisted.

"Sure," Danny agreed.

"And that would make Bob admiral, wouldn't it?"

Danny swallowed hard once more. "I—I guess Bob deserves it," he said.

Perry gave a cheer and slapped Farrant on the back. Farrant grinned and said that he'd like to see anybody get fresh with their fleet.

"We'll use Shelter Cove as a navy yard for the fleet," Harry announced. "Won't we, Bob?"

"You just bet we will," Bob laughed.

"And Monday— The paint will be dry by Monday, won't it, Mr. Hinkelstedt? Well, Monday the *Gray Whale* and the *Little Giant* will dress ship, fly all their flags.



## THE FLEET ORGANIZES

We'll sail up the Creek, and through the inlet, and into the Cove. And we'll celebrate with a bang-up meal that we'll cook ourselves."

"Crabs," cried Farrant.

"And catfish," echoed Perry.

Danny Dugan smacked his lips. "Say, this fleet will have some great times, won't it?"

So, sitting there on Mr. Hinkelstedt's float, they ended the war and planned what new adventures would come to them as they sailed under one flag.

(I)

THE END



Vor.















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